The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1904.

The Week.

Many Republicans of the "stand-pat" variety are complaining that President Roosevelt seems to be annexing the leading Democratic planks—tariff reform and others. He is in office, they mutter, but the Democratic policy bids fair to be in power. The complaint is exactly similar to that which Lord Salisbury made against Disraeli in 1867, when the latter not only took up the principles of the Liberals, in the matter of the extension of the suffrage, but went them several better. It was a betrayal of the Conservative party, Salisbury bitterly alleged, and he made ready, as Lord Rosebery said the other day, to abandon office and even public life. Yet seven years later he discovered his party stronger than ever for having adopted a popular policy. He entered the Cabinet in 1874 with his great political career all before him. Similarly, there will be Republicans to affirm that Mr. Roosevelt's espousal of tariff revision is little short of party treason; but in politics, too, "treason successful is no longer treason," and if the Republicans can reform the tariff next year, it may prevent their party being reformed out of power in 1908.

As a respite from the question, "Shall the tariff be revised?" some of the men who think it should not, have put out the challenge, "Who now has a right to urge its revision?" Congressman Babcock of Wisconsin, for instance, who has held his tariff reduction views in abeyance for something more than two years, is bringing them forward again. But the stand-patters immediately exclaim at such effrontery: "What right has Babcock to give advice to the Republican party when his plurality was cut down from 8,350 to only 385 in the year of a mighty Republican landslide?" But the man is no better off whose majority was increased—Mr. McCall of Massachusetts, or Mr. Burton of Ohio. Counsels of tariff revision are sheer temerity from them, too. What is your vote, asks the stand-patter, but a vindication of the way we have dealt with the tariff in the last four years? Or take the case of a defeated Republican like Mr. Eugene N. Foss. He is easily crushed, too. Would you dare to raise your voice for reciprocity when you have just been defeated after a fight on that very platform? So it goes all along the line. The high priests of Dingleyism are affecting a certain open-mindedness. "Of course, some schedules may need changing," they say. But no man, in their view, has clean enough hands to take the precious nursling out of the cotton wool in which it has so long been swathed.

Secretary Shaw advocates a general application of the principle of free raw material for exported manufactures. At present a tanner may get back the duty paid on hides if he exports leather. But he cannot claim the drawback if he sells the leather to a manufacturer who makes it up and exports it as shoes. Secretary Shaw would allow imported raw material of this sort to be treated in any fashion so it finally be shipped out of the country; that is indispensable. It never seems to occur to him that the spectacle of our factories selling at home at a dear price and exporting to foreigners at a cheap figure is not calculated to make the man in the street contented with the tariff. He will be told, of course, that by selling goods so low "abroad," we are really pauperizing the foreigner, and by selling him a cheap shoe branding him as a cheap man. Our humble consumer will be told also that to pay the high price when the foreigner gets the low price for the same article is merely "paying to ourselves"—a swift road to wealth. But such arguments will have to combat the base tendency to buy the necessaries of life as cheap as possible.

A stronger practical argument against the drawback plan—which theoretically, of course, we should welcome as a half-measure—is the difficulty of framing a workable law. The drawback allowed on shipbuilding material is, we are assured, of very little benefit to our ship-masters. Generally speaking, to keep records of such material is vexatious; inspectors are forced to take the word of the manufacturer or to go by mere rule of thumb. Of all methods of tariff reduction, it is the most complicated and cumbrous. If the friends of the tariff are really anxious to readjust it, they will look to reciprocity treaties as a convenient means. Reduction by treaty, being an affair of previous bargaining and *quid pro quo*, is the least contentious kind. The fact that the Senate has tabled treaty after treaty is an indication that it would not hear reason on the tariff. If a change of heart has indeed taken place, the best evidence of conversion will be the renewal of the Kasson treaties. To them should be added a reciprocity treaty with Canada. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is known to be in a receptive mood, and if Mr. Roosevelt has the zeal for tariff reform with which he is credited, he will not fail to seek a treaty either by reconvening the Joint High Commission or by direct negotiation with Ottawa.

Secretary Taft's first annual report is of the routine character to which we were accustomed before the days of Mr. Root. No one would glean from it that there are still urgent reforms needed before the army's modernization can be said to be complete. But this subject plainly does not as yet interest Mr. Taft. He contents himself with a review of our coast defences—now half completed as laid down by the Endicott board of 1886 and already largely antiquated. Not less than $110,000,000 has been spent upon this undertaking, and at least $65,000,000 more is needed. Mr. Taft also dwells upon the advantages of the recent elaborate manœuvres of the militia and regulars, although it is tacitly admitted in Washington that they are not to be repeated. Naturally enough, the Philippines come in for a good deal of attention in Mr. Taft's report. He notes primarily a falling off of five millions of dollars in the trade of the islands as reflected in the imports and exports. This Gov. Wright explains as being due to drought and locusts. If it is not one thing it is another; every year some such excuse has to be brought forward to explain the unhappy conditions which have existed since our military forces laid waste the islands. As was to be expected, he appeals for a substantial reduction of the tariff upon Philippine products imported into the United States. He would have all come in free save tobacco and sugar, upon which he would have imposed 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates. We hope that the Democrats, if not his own party leaders, will again pay no heed to the Secretary's request that the United States guarantee a 5 per cent. income on the bonds of new railroad companies in the Philippines for a period of thirty years. The proposal is vicious in theory, and would create a most dangerous precedent.

Gen. Chaffee's statement, in his first annual report, that "abundant proof of the wisdom of Congress in establishing the new corps [the General Staff] and prescribing its duties is found in its record of its first year's work," admits of no denial. But to demand that the Staff should already have achieved its maximum of efficiency would be to expect the impossible. Gen. Chaffee admits that "further experience may suggest advantageous modifications in the methods adopted." One of the changes which should be made is in the appointment of officers to the General Staff. At present it is a self-perpetuating body, or at least it is perpetuated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the general officers comprising it. It would be far better if the selections were made by general officers serving with troops. The staff officers should also be kept in the closest possible touch with troops in the field. It has even been suggested that they should spend three months in every year inspecting posts and regiments. Gen. Chaffee does not feel that the time has come to recommend any additional reform legislation, although there is plenty of room for further changes. Perhaps the General Staff may arrive at a different conclusion within the next year. At any rate, it will find plenty of opportunity for brain work in puzzling out the reasons why desertions are so very heavy, and why all the prisons and guard-houses are filled to overflowing with our military criminals.

There is no reason to suppose that any human being regarded pension order No. 78, in advance of its operation, as a measure of economy, yet that seems to be the character in which it is now praised. So many of the clerks and medical examiners who formerly spent their time in sifting and rejecting applications can be dispensed with, now that a pension is granted on a birth certificate and an honorable discharge, as to save nearly as much as the famous order has added to the budget up to date. Commissioner Ware's advance estimates on the cost of the old-age pension seem to have seriously overshot the mark. During the closing months of the last fiscal year, only about $90,000 was added to the budget by reason of the order, and the 4,000 names added since June 30, supposing that the average is $8 a month, make only $384,000. To offset this, it is now said that within a short time the Pension Office will be able to dispense with about 500 clerks. If their salaries average $800, this will reduce the expense by almost as large a sum, even taking no account of the proposed reduction in the number of medical examiners. So, after all, it appears that the cost of this experiment is to be borne not by the generous and patriotic taxpayer, but by the poor and downtrodden Government clerk. We had always supposed that the Government's interest in him was of almost as paternal a nature as its care over the old soldier. Can it be that the obsolete notion of accommodating the force of workers to the work in hand is to be revived at Washington?

The places in the customs department which the President has just included in the classified service are precisely of the sort to which the application or extension of the merit system ought to produce good results. Nothing can improve the service more than the offer of some prospect of advancement to subordinates who are faithful and efficient. The discouraging feature of the civil service as a career is that, no matter what a man's ability may be or how generously his superiors acknowledge it, he reaches, after a few promotions, a point where, without political influence, he must stop short. Thus, the corps of consular clerks was established a good many years ago with a view to providing a sort of training school for consuls; but, as a matter of fact, only a few of them have ever become consuls, and some have remained $1,200 clerks for twenty years because a promotion, even if obtainable, would subject them to the vicissitudes of merely political appointees. The new order, which applies to 355 of the higher places in the customs department, ought to have a good effect on the whole service by increasing the number of places worth working for.

Since the city of Milwaukee voted on the question of a special bond issue for a municipal lighting plant, discussion has suddenly shifted from the merits of the scheme as a business proposition to the purely political questions of the meaning of the referendum and the duties of aldermen whose constituents have signified their wishes on a public measure. The vote for the lighting bonds stood 16,592 to 6,601. "The people demand that the plant be established," exclaimed its advocates at once. But their opponents rejoined that only about a third of the voters had expressed themselves at all on the subject, that on the same day nine other bond issues received popular approval. Last week, however, the Finance Committee of the Board of Aldermen, with the city comptroller and engineer, made a report on the "most urgent improvements" for the next two years. In this they included $400,000 for the lighting plant, $50,000 for an isolation hospital, and $200,000 for a bridge, postponing entirely the seven other improvements which the voters had endorsed. Now the papers are filled with speculation as to the attitude which this or that alderman may be expected to take on the roll call. Twelve aldermen on November 21 voted against the plant, and each one is daily reminded in black-face figures of the vote which his constituents cast the other way. Altogether aside from the purely business question, one would naturally expect to find a strong sentiment for municipal ownership in Milwaukee, where the Socialist vote on election day actually exceeded the Democratic.

Milwaukee's previous experience with municipal ownership, according to the *Sentinel*, an opponent of the lighting plant, has not been encouraging. A few years ago the city constructed a crematory for garbage at a cost of $60,000. This was opened in 1902, and, on the face of the figures, at least, has proved anything but an economy. Whereas the cost of disposing of 28,884 tons of garbage in 1900 was $64,998.01, it was $118,570.34 in 1903 for cremating 31,183 tons. Thus the cost per ton has been increased from $2.25 to $3.80. It appears that it takes twenty-one more men to run the plant than the contractors guaranteed would be sufficient, yet that the guarantee clause was so drawn that the city could not hold the contractors in any way. This discrepancy makes a difference of $10,000 a year in the running expenses. The location of the plant has made hauling such a heavy item of expense that the Health Commissioner recommends a new plant on another site to meet future needs rather than the enlargement of the present one. Some of these difficulties, of course, prove only bad handling of this particular experiment, but the result furnishes an effective argument for going slow in undertaking another.

New York's State Superintendent of Education, Mr. Draper, has decided views on the subject of football, and he communicated them to the Massachusetts Teachers' Association on Friday in vigorous language. After having had considerable experience with the sport, notably as president of the University of Illinois, Mr. Draper finds that it "breeds loafing, gambling, and drinking," makes neither for sound living nor educational effectiveness, encourages fighting instead of manliness, is too expensive, and "gathers more money than ought to be under the control of students." This is a pretty sweeping indictment of our pet game, which Mr. Draper, however, believes may yet be redeemed. He would reduce gate receipts, change the rules and "open up" the play, allow no one on the team who is not a matriculated student a year in residence, and have it understood that it is a crime to gamble on university contests. We must confess that we fail to share the Superintendent's belief in the desirability of all of these remedies. Decreasing the gate receipts would, in Massachusetts and New York at least, merely increase the crowds. A surer method of putting an end to betting must also be devised. The "opening up" of the game should come this winter, unless the football rules committee and the representatives of the leading universities are too timid to make sweeping changes or too indifferent to a rapidly growing public demand for a radical reform. It must be helped by the fact that this year's casualties are 14 killed and 296 injured. Had such losses been incurred in one battle in the Philippines, the public would have been much exercised.

Mr. E. N. Wrightington, head coach of the Harvard football team, has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moved to make a long defence of his handling of the eleven. He explains, in the Boston *Herald*, that the lack of veterans and the numerous injuries received during the season were largely responsible for his failure to turn out a successful team. His chronicle of the injuries of his men is worth repeating, since it shows very clearly, coming as it does from one of the enthusiasts for the sport, just what the modern game may mean to participants: Captain Hurley, poisoned by dirt getting into a wound in his leg, and a sprained ankle; Montgomery, a badly twisted knee, laid up for three weeks; Brill, injured in a strength test in the gymnasium, and also in one shoulder on the football field; Meier, a bruised muscle on his leg early in the season, and an injury to the nerve of an arm which ended his playing; Derby, hurt in his shoulder on the second day of practice, and able to line up only five times before the Yale game, which he played with a bruised muscle. Oveson was out for a month with a twisted ankle, while Parker could not play for three weeks because of a "bad" ankle. Noyes suffered from nervous prostration. Kernan's injury was to his leg, and retarded his game two weeks. White and Mills were hurt on and off for a day or two at a time, and Nichols lost two weeks because of an injured shoulder. 'The only man," says Mr. Wrightington, "to go through the season *practically unhurt* was Squires.". Could any opponent of football as played at present make a more damning presentation of the roughness and the needless dangers of the game?

Mr. Morley's parting speech on leaving the United States, was a defence of being on the losing side in politics. He confessed that, out of the twenty-two years during which he has given up to public life what was meant for literature, he has been for eighteen years in the minority. What an acknowledgment to make to an audience worshipping success! Yet Mr. Morley made it in the most debonair manner. He did not appear in the least to mind being "lonesome" in politics; and if Senator Depew had given him the good Republican advice to "get on the band wagon," he would, if he knew what that slang meant, have felt insulted. The satisfaction of having political convictions, and of standing by them whether they are voted up or voted down, is one which Mr. Morley has long enjoyed, and the praise of which in his public addresses in this country has a peculiar fitness for his American auditors. He has seen all his hopes and plans for Irish Home Rule go to wreck upon the intractable prejudices of the British electorate. He has withstood in vain the follies of English Imperialism. Against the Boer war he made his almost solitary protest, not only before it came, but all the way through, and got well denounced for his pains. Yet the man actually glories in his long list of lost causes! Of such vagaries is the philosophic mind in politics capable. Readers of Matthew Arnold's letters will remember how pleased he was at a message from Mr. Morley saying that he usually had a volume of Arnold's essays in his pocket when off on a political campaign. It looks as if the doctrine of "the remnant" had been his favorite reading. Yet there is nothing sour or pessimistic about it as he preaches it. In his own book on Compromise he quoted with approval the saying, "The history of success is the history of *minorities*."

What practical result will come of the meeting of zemstvo presidents is still uncertain, their programme being now in the hands of the Czar, who evoked the present evolutionary movement by his decree of March, 1903, portending greater religious toleration and increased powers for the provincial and local assemblies. Significant is the support that comes to the convention from proletariat reform clubs and socialist groups throughout the country—evidence that the demand for freer government is truly national. It indicates also that concessions by the Government would cut at the root of the revolutionary movement, for clearly many who are technically disloyal to the present order really prefer such gradual and lawful methods of agitation as are exemplified by the St. Petersburg congress. Abundant considerations urge a receptive attitude upon the Czar, and prompt concessions may be looked for. Already it is said that not merely a parliament, but a fully organized bi-cameral system is advocated. No very certain news of the feeling of the Czar is at hand. Meanwhile, one may choose between the rumors that he will make the nominal yet important grant of a voice (not a vote) for zemstvo delegates in the Imperial Council; or that he will appoint a committee to draw up a constitution.

M. Combes has been in the novel position of defending the right of the Gallican Church to its stipend under the Concordat. Certain over-zealous anti-clericals had desired to begin the work of separation by shortening the supplies this year. M. Combes's plea apparently rested not upon the equities, as it might have done, but upon the undesirability of making two bites of the Catholic cherry. He wishes to effect the separation of Church and State by a single law, and deprecates preliminary meddling by the Chamber. That he still is able to hold his Socialists in leash, his vote showed clearly. But, as the discussion of separation proceeds, the problem becomes more complicated. Other subsidized cults are alarmed at the threatened withdrawal of their subsidies. Already the Jews and the Protestants remind the Ministry that they will be seriously embarrassed if state aid is withheld. Then there is the especial problem of Mohammedan worship in French Africa, which is also subventioned. In fact, the manifold and delicate bonds that must be rudely torn whenever France departs from her historic policy, would deter any reformer less single-minded than the present Premier.

It is the fashion in Germany, even in the liberal press, to sneer at the sensational army novels of the day, whether written by Bilse, Beyerlein, or Von Baudissin. They are said to be no better than a *Tendenz-roman*, dealing with the fad of the hour, and too full of exaggeration to be trustworthy. But what one of these writers narrated a more incredible incident of militarism gone mad than is reported by cable from Dessau? There a court-martial has sentenced two soldiers to dishonorable dismissal and five years at hard labor for having struck and disarmed a drunken sergeant who wounded with his sword a woman whom they were escorting. If we may trust the press accounts, the court laid down the principle that subordinates may defend themselves from murderous attacks by a superior only by parrying a blow, not by returning it. As if to enforce this extraordinary teaching, the drunken rascal who caused all this trouble has been let off with three months' imprisonment with retention of rank. No wonder that the German press is reported, for once, to be excited on this subject.

When one reads further of the sentencing of a servant girl to three months in jail in Saxony for circulating rumors about the general character of officers of the Bautzen garrison, it is obvious that romancers do not need to fall back upon their own imaginations in order to obtain incidents for a three-volume novel. Indeed, we may yet see the publication of a 'Key' to Baudissin, or Bilse, after the pattern of the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.' To collect material for such a key one need only peruse the German newspapers, particularly the Socialistic *Vorwärts*. In one issue the Berlin *Tageblatt* tells of two non-commissioned officers who were found guilty of 313 instances of cruel treatment of subordinates. Two cases of soldiers who have committed suicide rather than stay in the service have attracted no little attention, while a dreadful case of crime and immorality in the barracks of a cavalry regiment at Mannheim has shocked all South Germany. Hardly a day goes by without such a story coming to light.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT AILS AMERICA?

The appalling statistics of crimes of violence in the United States, collected by the Chicago *Tribune* and published with comment in the December *McClure's*, have provoked wide discussion. Those social philosophers who are ready to reform a commonwealth "while you wait" have proposed various remedies. One would rigorously punish corporate lawlessness, another would rouse public opinion against police blackmail. "Gentlemen in this respect," as Burke puts it, "will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits." S S. McClure himself, one secret of whose success is a passionate interest in whatever he undertakes, would start a crusade for "a new righteousness which shall become a new passion—the Love of Country." The result, Mr. McClure is sure, will be "obedience to the law because it is the law; . . . and the briber, and the grafter, and the traitor who steals from his neighbors and pollutes the law will be unable to endure the scorn of his fellows." The London *Spectator* indulges in no visions of a millennium, but it hopes for blessed results from an improvement in the character and standing of American judges. It would give them larger pay and a longer tenure, so that they might scorn the power of our corrupt rich.

Before proceeding too far in this patriotic undertaking we shall do well to scrutinize the facts with some care. According to the figures, the number of murders and homicides in the United States was 1,266 in 1881, 10,652 in 1896, and 8,834 in 1902. That is, in 1881 the ratio of murders and homicides to population was one to 40,534 inhabitants; in 1896, one to 6,658; and in 1902 one to 8,955. We are now behaving better than in 1896, but we are yet more than four times as bad as we were in 1881. The first question is, Where do these figures come from? The answer is, "The statement of the number of murders and homicides includes all deaths by violence reported in the newspapers of the various States and Territories"; in other words, the value of the statistics depends, first, upon the accuracy and completeness of newspaper reports; and, secondly, upon the thoroughness of exchange reading. A failure in either point would vitiate the results. We hardly need to point out to any man who has been familiar with newspapers for twenty-five years, that the Associated Press and other reporting agencies cover the country far more completely to-day than in 1881, or even in 1890. In the South and West, particularly, the number of newspapers serving and served by the Associated Press has largely increased; the gathering of news by carrier, telegraph, and particularly by telephone, has been enormously extended, practically revolutionized. More than that, the plan of exchange reading for the Chicago *Tribune* must in the nature of things have developed in the last two decades. The readers have received more papers and handled them more skilfully. Doubtless, then, 1,266 is far below the total number of homicides in 1881.

But granting that the totals for the first decade of the Chicago *Tribune's* inquiry are a third below the actual fact, and that the country is not growing wicked so rapidly as might at first appear, the record is still black and damning. After all allowances and deductions, we must still admit that crimes of violence are increasing faster than the population. For some reason we are losing our respect for law, our self-restraint. In searching for causes Mr. McClure asks:

> "Can a body of policemen engaged in blackmail, persecution, and in shielding lawbreakers make a community law-abiding? Can a body of policemen engaged in criminal practices prevent others from committing crimes? Can a board of aldermen who for private gain combine to loot a city, govern a city well?"

He lays the blame in part on "saloonkeepers, gamblers, and others who engage in businesses that degrade; contractors, capitalists, bankers, and others who can make money by getting franchises and other property of the community cheaper by bribery than by paying the community; and politicians who are willing to seek and accept office with the aid and endorsement of the classes already mentioned." Possibly the operations of criminal rich and criminal politicians contribute to a general disregard for law that manifests itself in murder and homicide. *McClure's* has been printing articles that do not excite admiration either for the Standard Oil Company or for the bankers, bribers, and legislators of Missouri and elsewhere. Yet we doubt whether the knowledge that Trust managers are recovering a normal appetite in the stoneyard at Sing Sing, rather than on the golf links, would lessen the number of highway robberies even within sight of the University of Chicago; or whether final convictions of Col. Edward Butler and all of his friends would make life safer in the Mississippi Valley.

But the connection of murder with saloons, houses of prostitution, and gambling-hells is direct and conspicuous. Wherever the police or a political organization back of them affords protection to these agencies of vice, there we can expect nothing but an increase of crimes of violence. In so far as the corruption that festered in New York under the Administration of Van Wyck of odious memory has infected Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, in so far the cause for which Mr. McClure seeks lies before the eyes of everybody. Although drunkenness, prostitution, and gambling, springing from weaknesses inherent in humanity the world over, are certain to be always with us and always fruitful of evil, there are three other causes which may, we trust, prove local and limited in duration, viz., foreign immigration, strikes, and race hatred in the South. From some countries we certainly get a class that is below the average in morals and intelligence, and until these newcomers have gone through our schools and learned our ways, we must expect trouble from them. The Sicilian brings here his feuds, and scarcely forgets them within a generation. Closely related to the immigration problem is the strike problem, with such lawlessness as spread terror in Pennsylvania in 1902 and in Colorado in 1904. A single great strike is enough in itself to raise the average of violence for the year, to say nothing of indirect effects. Most serious of all, however, is, in the South, the recrudescence of barbarism against which the best element in that region is now striving valiantly. In 1903 South Carolina was credited with 222 homicides out of 8,976 for the whole country; roughly, one-sixtieth of the population commits one-fortieth of the murders. No marvel that a Southern observer remarked that his region was becoming "accustomed to homicide."

BALLOT LAWS AND THE ELECTION.

The demand for better ballot laws which always follows an election is backed this year by an unusual amount of specific evidence about the effect of statutes carelessly or unscrupulously drawn. The principle of the secret ballot is very generally accepted, though it is not yet everywhere adopted. The needful thing now is to study after each election the workings of the various laws at present in force, with a view to finding out just how this detail or that has affected the real purpose of all balloting—the accurate registering of what the voters really want.

After assuring secrecy and a fair count, the great desideratum in ballot reform has been to give the voter a fair chance to make his selection independently for the several places on the ticket. Massachusetts does this, after the fashion of the Australian commonwealth from which our ballot was borrowed, by requiring a separate marking for every candidate voted for. Thus the hidebound party man was compelled to expend just the same amount of effort in voting as the eccentric who supported Roosevelt, Douglas, a Prohibitionist for the Legislature, a Populist coroner, and a Socialist Congressman. Of all ballot laws in the country, this is the one which is supposed to put the greatest premium on independent voting, and it is true that it enabled the voters this year to choose a Democratic Governor and Republican electors; yet the same result was attained in Missouri under a statute which, perhaps, makes the vot-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing of a split ticket more difficult than any other in the country. The Missouri farmer who voted for Folk and Roosevelt had to select from a bundle of long, narrow ballots handed him at the polls the one bearing the Republican label, and then, finding the appropriate space, cross out the name of Walbridge for Governor and write in that of Folk. When the voters, East or West, have made up their mind to stand by a particular combination of candidates, they will do so, whether the law makes it easy or difficult.

Aside from the State and national tickets in Massachusetts, the official returns there show some rather curious results. For instance, in the Eleventh Congressional District, where Eugene N. Foss and John A. Sullivan were making a campaign of exceptional activity, there were 2,500 voters who voted for neither one, and left that part of the ballot unmarked. Meanwhile, in the Eighth district it is estimated that 40 per cent. of the Democrats, who had no candidate of their own, took the trouble to vote for Mr. McCall. Likewise several thousand voters expressed no preference for President while voting for Governor.

The laws of most States, New York among them, assume practically that, when the voter does not know or care about the nominees for a minor office, it is as well to encourage him to plump for the candidate of his own party. It is a safe assumption that most of the 2,500 Boston voters who declined to choose between Foss and Sullivan had voted for Roosevelt. Under our law they would have been counted for Foss. The proposition that they should have been might be defended on the ground that, when the voter has no preference to the contrary, he naturally wishes a Congress to be chosen in harmony with the President he has helped to elect. That is the best that can be said for the theory of the party column.

Maryland and Pennsylvania furnish two examples of laws passed for a bad purpose which have almost ludicrously defeated the popular will in the present election. The so-called "trick ballot law" of Maryland did not accomplish the defeat of Congressman Mudd, who actually established schools to teach the ignorant negroes how to mark the ballot correctly, but it did divide the State's electoral vote—a result which no one intended. Mr. Bonaparte, Republican, was chosen with seven Democratic electors, and his lead over the second Republican on the list is considerably larger than that of Brown, who headed the Democratic column, over the second Democrat. He had a larger vote than any other elector, and apparently more voters tried to vote for Roosevelt than for Parker. But more Republicans than Democrats erred in cross-marking. In a vote of about 106,000, the difference between the highest and lowest elector on the Democratic side was more than 4,000. Even in New York, the first elector on the list always runs a few score ahead of the last, owing to confusion of the space opposite the first name with the straight-ticket circle. In Maryland, the ignorant voters found the ballot a hopeless puzzle, and thousands of them solved it wrong. "The Democratic party in this State," says the independent Baltimore *News*, "naturally contains a preponderance of the best elements in our citizenship; but it is precisely these elements that are alienated by offences against the principles of fair play in elections."

The ballot which the Pennsylvania machine invented would have had as bad results had there been any approach to equality between the two parties. There is a square at the left hand end of the ballot in which a full straight ticket can be voted, and another square at the head of the party column by putting a cross in which all the thirty-four electors may be voted for at once. The Philadelphia *North American* reports that from 5 to 20 per cent. of the voters throughout the State mistook this electoral square for the regular party square. Moreover, as in Maryland, so many voters thought the square for the first elector was the straight-ticket square that the first elector will have more than 500,000 plurality, thousands above that of his colleagues. "Independence continuing to flourish," says the *North American*, "the ballot manipulators seem to have lost their heads. Their latest efforts to complicate the election machinery have produced a ballot so puzzling as to disconcert even their own trained voters—a ballot which, if not reconstructed on sane and honest lines, will involve certain defeat for many local Republican tickets in the next close campaign."

Only one objection of any validity has been made to the operation of voting machines, namely, that it is sometimes possible for a sharp-eared party watcher to tell by the sound whether split or straight tickets are being voted. Even that does not hold when a ballot similar to that of Massachusetts is used. But there is no better argument for machine-voting than the story of the Indiana Democrats who scrawled the word "Bryan" across their ballots, and thus invalidated them in a futile protest. In a similar way many voters whose intent was unmistakable lost their votes in our municipal election three years ago through their irresistible impulse to write uncomplimentary remarks about the "Iceman" on their ballots.

FOREIGN VOTERS IN NEW YORK.

Just before sailing for England, Mr. James Bryce publicly bore testimony to the intelligence and sobriety of the foreign voter in the United States. Mr. John Morley, after spending a few hours in the Chicago election booths, was similarly impressed. The mere intricacies of the ballot, he said, would seriously tax the average English elector. These opinions are valuable at a time when our foreign-born population is coming in for a good deal of criticism. The growth of immigration from Southern Europe has revived something of the old Knownothing spirit. Word comes from Washington that Commissioner-General Sargent has collected damaging evidence against Jewish and Italian immigrants, on the strength of which the Lodge bill, enforcing an educational test, may be urged again.

A good test of fitness for citizenship is the intelligent use of the franchise. New York city is an excellent field for study, as our population is largely of foreign stock. In testing the intelligence of foreign voters, two points should be kept in mind: We should inquire, first, the extent to which they exercise the suffrage; and, secondly, whether they are slavishly bound to one party. In the first respect, the districts of New York where foreigners are most numerous acquit themselves at least as creditably as those where native blood predominates. According to the latest Federal census, the percentage of the foreign-born population of Manhattan Island is 42.7. At the recent election, the average percentage of absentee voters—that is, those who registered and then stayed at home—was 6.3. On the whole, these indifferent citizens were about equally distributed between the foreign and the native-born. In fourteen Assembly districts, in which the foreign population averages 51 per cent., the stay-at-homes averaged 7 per cent. In twenty districts in which the foreign population averages only 33 per cent. there were a few more of them, or 7.3. The district in which there were the fewest absentees — the Thirty-third, where only 3.5 per cent. kept away from the polls—is 44 per cent. foreign, or above the average. The next best showing is that of the Eighth, which is the most densely populated foreign district, its percentage being 67 per cent. Here only 4.6 of the registration was missing on election day. The most discreditable showing was made by the Thirtieth, where 14.2 of the registered voters did not go to the polls. This is only 38 per cent. foreign, or four points below the average. In the most representative "American" district, the Twenty-third —where the population is only 28 per cent. foreign—the absentees were 6.5, or slightly above the average. In such "kid-glove" sections as the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh, the stay-at-homes were 8 and 9 per cent. To the Twenty-ninth, however, should be given more credit, for here only 5.6 per cent. failed to cast their ballots.

It is clear, then, that our Jews and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern Europeans do vote. A more important question, however, is whether they vote with discrimination. Do they always support the same parties; do they ever vote split tickets? A study of the returns for the last four years—including those for the November elections—shows that there are only eight Assembly districts in Manhattan which, in both local, State, and national elections, do not invariably go one way. They are Manhattan's "doubtful districts," which are apparently influenced by argument, and which may be expected to split their tickets. They are the Fifth, the Eighth, the Tenth, the Sixteenth, the Twenty-first, the Twenty-third, the Twenty-ninth, and the Thirty-first. Some of these are only slightly independent; the Twenty-ninth, for instance, gets into this good company simply because, this year, it voted for Roosevelt and Herrick. The average foreign population of these independent districts is 42 per cent., or just about the average for the whole island. Chiefly important, however, is the fact that this list includes the Eighth, the Tenth, and the Sixteenth Assembly districts. These are also situated south of Eleventh Street and east of the Bowery.

By all odds the most interesting is the Eighth. This is the district with the largest foreign population, and its population is very largely Jewish. It has such well-known Ghetto streets as Hester, Delancey, Eldridge, and Allen. Yet politically it is one of the most uncertain sections; the majority of the winning candidates is always small. It voted for Bryan in 1900; for Roosevelt in 1904; for Coler in 1902; for Higgins this year. Its representative at Albany is alternately a Republican and a Democrat. The Tenth District, which also shows unmistakable signs of independence, is strongly Jewish. This year it voted for Roosevelt and Herrick. The Sixteenth, which also divided on State and national lines, is populated almost exclusively by Jews from Austria-Hungary. Similar independence is evidenced in districts largely native, such as the Fifth, the Twenty-first, and the Twenty-third; but at least it is plain that the Jewish localities, chiefly recruited from immigration, are not lacking in the first essentials of good citizenship. The bulwark of the unswerving Democratic vote in Manhattan is indisputably foreign; it extends all the way up the East Side to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, east of Lexington Avenue, and up the West Side, west of Seventh Avenue, as far as Sixtieth Street. But these are the great Irish and German strongholds—races whose adaptability to American conditions is no longer in dispute.

THE PRODIGY OF LAWSON.

The articles on "Frenzied Finance" which Thomas W. Lawson, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, has been printing in a magazine, have become a literary and social phenomenon of extraordinary interest. They are devoured with avidity in all parts of the country. Go into the backwoods of Michigan, and the first question you will be asked is, "Have you read Lawson's last article?" Look out of the car window when the train stops for water in Arizona, and the inquiry will be fired at you by a native, "What do they think of Lawson in New York?" In sage-brush and mining camp, as well as in brokers' offices and Old Ladies' Homes, Lawson is the chief purveyor of matter for reading and infinite gossip. If Macaulay supplanted with his history the latest novel on the boudoir table, Lawson has displaced the sensational prints and the flashy journals in barber shops and bar-rooms, penetrating to the lowest stratum of readers as well as piquing the curiosity of the highest, and making of himself in a few months a veritable literary prodigy—or terror.

Yet this effect defective comes by cause. Lawson's tremendous audience so suddenly acquired, his clean sweep of the field, should not lead professional writers to renounce a craft in which any upstart may appear and carry off the laurels. The wonder is explicable. Lawson has taking literary qualities. Leaving out the prime requisite of truth, which is neither here nor there in his articles, he has nearly all the elements which the big-wigs declare necessary in a popular style. His frank and pungent slanginess is the precise medium for his tale. It yields a splendid touch of verisimilitude. Then he abounds in minute detail. Defoe did not surpass Lawson in the art of buttressing incredible romances with an amount of apparently veracious incident which makes unbelievers ashamed of themselves. The close observer who noted an angry magnate's eyes pass through all the colors of the spectrum cannot be altogether wrong, one feels, in his exact account of millions stolen. Lawson is also overwhelmingly concrete. Names are blurted right out. Places and dates are set down with the accuracy of extracts from a detective's note-book. A society novelist could not exceed him in faithful description of the surroundings of his criminal millionaires. He is highly dramatic, too. None of the tedious *oratio obliqua* for him. Everything is in the first person, or direct discourse. His articles bristle with quotation marks, and racy dialogue fills his pages. Neither Aristotle nor Horace, Quintilian nor Sainte-Beuve, could have laid down more infallible rules for attaining immense literary vogue than those which Lawson has found in his mother wit.

To so lucky a style, Lawson has added the further advantage of a theme which ever lies near the heart of the masses in a democracy. Vast wealth is the subject of his story; and the editors of popular magazines long since discovered that no topic is dearer to the great body of ten-cent readers. An account of "How the Crœsuses bring up their Children" will be read with eagerness in hundreds of thousands of poverty-stricken homes; while a huge edition will be carried off by an article, supposed to be a solution of the servant problem, on "Mrs. Fitzboodle's Eighty Servants, and How She Manages Them." We do love a lord, but even better love a multi-millionaire. As Talleyrand found out that the most interesting man in this country, to judge by the way rumor and small talk played about him, was the rich Robert Morris of Philadelphia, so ever since has Dives been a national admiration. President Roosevelt, in his sermonette of Tuesday week, spoke of "the brutal envy and hatred felt by a poor man towards a rich man"; but our observation is that gaping curiosity, fathomless toadying, and silly aping make up the commoner attitude of the poor in the presence of those having great possessions.

With a subject thus as broad as human folly, Mr. Lawson has also the good fortune of being able to add crime to great wealth. If the very rich are interesting *per se*, the criminal rich are doubly fascinating. And Lawson pitched upon a public predisposed to believe. The sublime fervor of faith is nothing to the credulousness of a loser in Wall Street. *Credo quia impossibile.* Thousands all over the land had been bitten in the financial operations which Lawson professes to describe. They knew that it was through no fault of their own. Every innocent who "takes a flyer" in a blown speculation is certain that his own judgment is excellent, his financial shrewdness beyond dispute, and that nothing but the machinations of wicked men could have parted him from his money. Lawson shows him the millionaire schemers at their nefarious work. The victim pores over the story of the unscrupulous manipulation of stocks and the heartless fleecing of investors, and takes comfort to his soul. Now he sees it all. He was taken in by a set of villains. Thus, besides the agreeable fillip to a morbid imagination which Lawson gives in his narrative of crime in seven figures, he makes his appeal to the multitude which no man can number of luckless investors and ruined speculators. In such circumstances, instantaneous literary fame and circulation above 600,000 are no longer a mystery.

The serious part remains. Mr. Lawson may be the most prodigious liar that ever put pen to paper. His lies may be like the father that begat them—gross as a mountain. That is not the thing which really signifies. People do not greatly care whether his particular

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stories are true—whether this and that plunger in the market actually played the infamous part alleged; whether brazen promoters really bought a legislature in the way described; they believe that other stories of the kind are true, if Lawson's are not. He gains the credit of a millionaire turning State's evidence. The impression made is as unmistakable as it will be indelible. That there is a class of rich men who carry into enormous operations the methods of the sneak thief and the card sharper; that they rob the widow and take away the portion of the orphan with no more scruple than a burglar; that honor and good faith are as unknown among them as among jail-birds—this is the popular conviction upon which Lawson has so skilfully played. He has heightened it, but he did not create it. Now the existence of such men is the great social menace. They are the blackest embodiment of that spirit of materialism which fears not God and regards not man, and which it is our immense task to-day to resist and drive from us, if we would not see it drag our whole civilization into the pit.

ANOTHER NAVAL WAR.

The marine architects and engineers in annual conference in this city a fortnight ago almost came to blows over the question whether the modern battleship should be a Noah's Ark crammed with all kinds of machines and mechanisms, or revert to a simpler type. The proper answer to this problem is, however, of trifling importance in view of the terrible feud which has broken out again among our naval defenders resident in Washington. The Line and the Staff, enemies ever since the first marine engines were installed on an American warship to destroy the romance of the winged cruisers of Cooper's day, are at each other's throats again, because of an issue not merely of national but of international significance.

Rear-Admiral Upshur, who has danced and led more cotillons at Bar Harbor and Washington than any other man of his age (not excepting Henry Gassaway Davis, lately of West Virginia), is the officer who has performed a great public service in unearthing one of the lowest and most discreditable schemes to disgrace the navy within our recollection. He discovered Civil Engineer Asserson using a visiting card inscribed "Rear-Admiral, United States Navy," and at once performed his duty by preferring charges against Mr. Asserson of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and of conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline in violation of law and of the navy regulations." This only half begins to describe the enormity of the civil engineer's offence. The real, Simon-pure rear-admiral is he alone who treads or trod the quarterdeck, and bore or bears upon his shoulders the responsibility for the condition of his men's clothes, the table manners of his officers, the navigation of the ship, and the safety of the nation. Your builders of battleships, your engineers who lay out a grimy dockyard, may be all very well in their places, but when compared to a real and salty admiral they are but as cub reporters to our Richard Harding Davises.

Undoubtedly, staff officers have their uses; nautical engineers are needed, at times, and so—on pay days—are paymasters; medical men, too, have been known to come in handy in tropical climates; even a marine officer may be admitted to have some excuse for existence now that he has become more of a bluejacket and mans the main batteries, and is by so much less a soldier. Moreover, the marine officer is content with his own designation, but the trouble with the Staff is an insane desire to borrow, beg, steal, or appropriate the titles which have belonged for centuries only to the naval "men who do things." To have paymasters and doctors signing themselves as captains and rear-admirals is bad enough, even if they have been to sea. But the service is certainly "going to the dogs" now, if every mere civil engineer who for a brief space has had the pay and relative position of a rear-admiral is going to pass himself off for a bona-fide, timber-shivering, trouser-hitching, and powder-reeking man of war, quite as capable of leading a ball as stopping a bullet. How, indeed, can your fighting officer hereafter impress either a social assembly or his fellow-sailors if every doubting Thomas may stop to inquire whether the distinction accorded him was earned on the quarterdeck or in the hold? Manifestly, all respect for authority is at an end if this state of affairs is to continue. Maryat's famous ship's carpenter, plain Chucks, became Count Schucksen and commander of a Swedish frigate because he was left in the enemy's hands apparently mortally wounded with a captain's epauletted coat to cover him. But as long as Admiral Upshur stands like Horatius to guard the navigating bridges from the invasion of those who would disguise their second-rate activities under falsely assumed cloaks of authority, the navy's honor is safe.

In Germany they have severely punished an officer for sarcastically describing his comrades as "First-Class Beings." But who can doubt that our fighting naval and military officers deserve this appellation? They themselves are under no illusions on that point. It was the wife of a colonel who assured us that the only genuine aristocracy in this country comprises the officers of our army and navy. Naturally, this aristocracy, like all others, must fight to keep itself from contamination by unworthy intruders. It was bad enough when Congress a few years ago allowed the ships' engineers to crawl out of their stoke-holes, abolished their titles, and gave them genuine rank and powers of command. This large increase of our true aristocracy was acquiesced in with much the same feeling with which the English families patented by William the Conqueror receive the latest tea-baronet created by a grateful king. But our Annapolis-trained navy officers have never resigned themselves to that law of a barbarian Congress which decrees that as many as twelve gunners, sailmakers, bo'suns, machinists, and other graduates of the forecastle may annually be commissioned as ensigns and put in line for advancement to the halo of a rear-admiral—and not merely of a rear-admiral of the junior but of the senior grade.

Plainly, the time has come to make a stand. Our sixty-seven retired rear-admirals—old sea dogs who served with Farragut every one—and their embittered wives are solidly lined up behind the flag and Upshur; the same Upshur who first donned a midshipman's uniform sixty-three years ago last month. Aided by five commodores and dozens of veteran captains and commanders, they are advancing upon the medical and pay directors, the chaplains, the professors of mathematics, and the civil engineers who would make an actuality of what is merely an imaginary rank. Their superior knowledge of fleet, squadron, and division tactics will, we doubt not, bring them to victory at the doors of the White House. But whether they succeed or not, they are contending for a glorious principle. They are once more reminding a sluggish, peace-loving people that actual titles are the *summum bonum* to be sought in a democracy; that it is rank, not services, which counts, and that the defender of the nation is an abject, spiritless apology for a man if he does not carry himself as one of a class set apart from the common people by the blue of his clothes and the glitter of his epaulets.

A MUSEUM AUXILIARY.

While art-lovers are congratulating each other upon the election of Mr. Morgan to the presidency of the Metropolitan Museum, it will have occurred to many that the uneven development of that great institution in the past has been due in part, at any rate, to lack of an effective public opinion supporting the trustees. Mr. Morgan's unusual qualifications, both from natural taste and varied experience, will doubtless be directed towards popularizing the work of the Museum. Meantime, we have the anomalous condition of a city containing many connoisseurs and patrons of the arts who have practically no relations with its chief art institution. Thus the Museum has been bereft of its nat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ural aids and counsellors, and the burden has fallen too heavily upon a devoted minority of a board, the majority of which had no especial competence in matters artistic. As a result, deplorable but natural, those who should have been most loyal to the Metropolitan have too often been its distant and not very friendly critics.

Happily, the time is ripe for a change. One may count upon Mr. Morgan for such liberal and enlightened conduct of his trust as to win the confidence of his fellows in the love of art. But much might be done by a proper organization of the friends of the Museum. At present some of them, far too few, are annual subscribers. Such members receive certain courtesies and privileges in the way of free entrance, etc., but they have no way of being heard in the management. In other countries, auxiliary societies have been formed which bring together the connoisseurs and amateurs of a nation in aid of its galleries. On this matter Mr. Hermann Paull writes interestingly in the November *Fortnightly Review*. The first auxiliary, it appears, was founded at Amsterdam in 1883, in order to keep the De Vos collection in Holland. But the organization was continued, and the society has subsequently added many notable objects to the Rijks Museum. About six years ago the Société des Amis du Louvre paid the greater part of the price of an extraordinary Baldovinetti, and has made other important gifts. The Berlin Society, of more recent date, has had even more striking success. Through its advice and with its aid pictures by Jean Fouquet, Van Eyck, Memling, Rembrandt, Holbein, and Guardi have been acquired for the already rich gallery on the Spree. Last of all, in England, the National Art-Collections Fund has been started under distinguished auspices. Such societies generally exact a very modest annual contribution of their members, and, practically, they are the intermediary between wealthy givers and the museums.

Probably few sympathetic tears are shed over the pathetic case of open-handed but uninstructed millionairism; yet it is easy to see that where a somewhat haphazard liberality is common, an authoritative body that will indicate possible gifts and guarantee their value and their welcome is not without its uses. An important element in the work of such a society is coöperation with the Museum authorities. It does not press donations ill-advisedly, but by consultation learns the needs of the situation. Ordinarily, indeed, the auxiliary society buys in conjunction with the Museum, eking out its funds where they are inadequate. This introduces a very welcome flexibility, for it allows the curators to take advantage of such exceptional opportunities as may occur, and it enables a single department to make timely purchases, such as even a prosperous department cannot ordinarily afford without deranging the general budget.

A very valuable feature of such coöperation is the effect upon the Museum staff of a body of keen yet friendly criticism. This makes against the deadening bureaucratic tendency that so frequently overcomes directors and curators. To such officials it is a very wholesome stimulus to know that their work is scrutinized closely by experts, and such surveillance loses its sting when it is exercised by those who do it by right of helpfulness in the past and desire to aid in the future. It would be short-sighted, then, to measure the usefulness of an auxiliary society simply by the objects of art it is instrumental in securing. Quite as valuable to a museum must be the constant interchange of suggestions, and the sense that organized and influential opinion applauds every improvement. Such volunteer organizations have even shamed the parsimony of governments, as when the Berlin "Kunstfreunde" paid £30,000 for the two Van Dycks in the Peel collection—knowing the opportunity was unique—and were afterwards reimbursed by a special vote of the Reichstag.

It might be said that the Metropolitan Museum, with more than $200,000 annual income for acquisitions, is beyond the need of such assistance. But, first, no museum can be so rich as that, and, next, the directive value of such a fund would be out of all proportion to the money contribution made. For directors, and even trustees, have their idiosyncrasies. It was understood, for example, that the late General Cesnola, an enthusiast for classical antiquity, fairly grudged all money spent for objects of the Christian era. However that be, outsiders frequently see the gaps in a collection better than its curators. At present, for example, it is amazing and most unfortunate that the Metropolitan Museum has but a handful of good examples of the Italian school of painting. Its agents should to-day be scouring Europe to bring together at least a few representative panels before it be too late. A society which could give not only good advice, but a money contribution, to this cause would hardly fail to get a respectful hearing. In fact, there are a hundred and one ways in which the art lovers of the town so leagued together might substantially further the growth of the Museum—might liberalize and democratize its policy, without in any way impairing its present admirable organization.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, November 23, 1904.

The meeting of the National Academy of Sciences last week was not as well attended as one might suppose that a session at Columbia University would be. The hall is one in which few speakers can make themselves heard even in the front row. The programme was not long; a large proportion of the papers were "read by title," and nearly half the rest were by men not in the Academy. Such as were read were hurried through—naturally enough, under the circumstances—although some of them would have been of unusual interest, could they have been listened to with ease.

The scientific session was opened by Dr. Louis Agricola Bauer, one of the savants of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and one of the very few masters of all that is now known concerning the earth's magnetism. He was introduced to the Academy by Professor Woodward. In a memoir of the good old solid sort that has given the Survey its renown, he explained an analysis of the forces which cause the secular variation of the earth's magnetism. The results, which seem to be irrefragably proved, are of a kind to stimulate curiosity not a little. How the earth ever came to be magnetized, we do not know. It seems that although the earth is in a certain measure an electromagnet, yet it is mainly a permanent magnet; and in the remote past something must have occurred to render it so. Dr. Bauer expressed a confident hope that the series of investigations which he is conducting with the support of the Carnegie Institution will afford evidence concerning the when and how of that event. Certainly, much the larger part of the forces causing the slow westward drift of the magnetic lines was shown by him to act within the earth's surface. Several unexpected features of these forces were pointed out; but the most startling of them is that for the last three hundred years, at least—that is, for as far back as the history reaches—the earth's magnetism has been steadily diminishing at such a rate that, if something does not check the drain (and no cause for such check is known), we shall wake up some fine morning in A. D. 3500, or thereabouts, to find that the magnetism of the earth has all been spent and gone. Dr. Bauer seemed to the reporter rather concerned lest the newspapers should give a sensational turn to this result. He declared that he did not believe it would ever really come to that; but one does not quite see what a geophysicist has to do with any emotional aspect of his results, one way or the other. We know that the earth is cooling. It is possible that something may occur to restore its heat, just as it is possible that something may occur to restore its magnetism. But its cooling is positive fact, while any restoration of its heat is pure fancy, with which the physicist, as such, has nothing to do. It is not easy to see how the case of magnetism is essentially different.

A paper of great elegance, presented with admirable perspicuity so as to engage the interest of every hearer, and, though involving no new principle of science, yet important in more than one way and especially as a precious augmentation of the resources of physical experiment, was by the well-known Professor Pupin, who was introduced by Professor Woodward. The object was to show how to produce impulses at equal intervals of any desired length, in the neighborhood (say) of a hundred-millionth of a second. The method is founded upon the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use of that sort of electrical conductor of Professor Pupin's invention in which there are many small coils of wire, each terminating at either end upon plates, a plate of one coil being separated a little from a parallel plate of the next coil, so as to bring all the coils into a linear series interrupted between every two coils. Such a conductor may be constructed so that a current will pass through it in any desired interval of time (within limits); and the rate of propagation is absolutely uniform from coil to coil, as Professor Pupin demonstrated. Supposing, then, a chain of a hundred coils is passed over by the current in a millionth of a second, the interval between the passages to consecutive coils must be one hundred-millionth of a second, precisely. Now Professor Pupin proposes to attach secondary coils to each of the coils of the chain, in each of which an impulse will be produced by the entrance of the current into its primary coil, and these impulses can be utilized in any way desired. The mere ascertainment that one could thus actually produce distinct impulses at certain excessively short intervals, even if no limit were reached, would be of interest; and it might happen that there should be found to be an absolute limit, which would be a matter of still greater interest. At present, some metaphysicians, like Kant, believe that there are no instants in time unless some instants are marked by some event, while the majority of those who have considered the subject believe that every interval of time consists of an infinite multitude of instants as distinct as so many grains of sand, although no two are consecutive. But some of the most accurate thinkers in the world, such as Mr. F. W. Frankland of Wellington, New Zealand, son of the great chemist, are of opinion that in a finite lapse of time the multitude of instants is finite. Those thinkers may be right; their arguments have not been absolutely refuted. There is, therefore, a possibility that there is some limit to the subdivision of time.

Prof. C. S. Hastings of Yale gave measures and calculations showing for the first time the dispersive power of the human eye. Helmholtz assumed that it was about the same as that of water, but Professor Hastings showed that it was intermediate between the dispersivities of flint and crown glass, and about that of oil of turpentine.

Two interesting biological papers were, the one by Dr. T. H. Morgan, who was introduced by Prof. E. B. Wilson, the other by Professor Wilson himself. It was not the only interesting paper by Professor Wilson, but these two, given consecutively, dealt in part with the same subject, and reached conclusions which, in expression at any rate, were somewhat conflicting. Dr. Morgan's paper related to organic polarity. He showed that, from individuals of all branches of the animal kingdom, it is possible to cut off pieces and have new parts grow out to replace the loss. Thus, taking a certain species of worm, if the individual was cut in two anywhere behind a certain point, a new tail would be grown upon the part containing the head, while if the section was made forward of that point, a new head would be grown upon the tail-piece. Not only that, but, after the former section, the piece of tail cut off would grow a reversed tail upon its forward end, and, after the latter section, the head-piece would grow a sort of reversed head upon its posterior wound. He showed that something similar followed when a limb of a suitable animal was severed in two places and the middle piece was replaced in a reversed position. That is, the foot, or whatever the terminal member was, would be reproduced equally from either end of a piece of the limb. Dr. Morgan had further made longitudinal sections of certain animals with results conforming to the same rule. But no attempt can here be made to explain the formulation of certain German biologists as to the propriety of which the two learned gentlemen were in disagreement. It did not seem to be a very deep separation of opinion.

Professor Wilson further read a paper by one of his students, Mr. Yatsu, about centrosomes. Everybody who interests himself in any branch of natural science has heard of the famed experiments in which Professor Wilson produced these evidences of the power of cell division by subjecting the cells to osmotic pressure. An objection was raised to the conclusiveness of that experiment on ground that the centrosomes which Professor Wilson made to appear might have existed already unseen in the cell. But since that would be the case only if the egg had been fertilized, Professor Wilson has ever since, he told the Academy, been engaged in a quest for a female of the species used containing a ripe egg. His luck, however, was bad, and that of his student, Yatsu, was good; so that it was to the latter that the lot fell. The cell contained the usual sole centrosome beside the nucleus, and, at Professor Wilson's suggestion, was most skilfully cut in halves by Mr. Yatsu so as to leave centrosome and nucleus in one half. This cell, then, could not have been fertilized in the usual way; but, upon being subjected to higher osmotic pressure, there soon appeared many little stellated bodies in it recognizable as centrosomes, and thus the discovery of Professor Wilson is freed from its last blemish. Professor Wilson's style of presenting his papers is simple and elegant in a very high degree. His voice, of penetrating depth, is so soft as not to be heard in the resound, while his enunciation is so perfect that he can be heard when nobody else can be heard. The only complaint that carping envy could conjure up would be that he is so cool; and this last infirmity disappeared when he told of the result of Yatsu's performance.

Mr. C. S. Peirce of the Academy occupied a good deal of time in sketching the contents of a memoir upon Topical Geometry. Topical Geometry is that kind of geometry which considers the motions, not of rigid bodies as elementary geometry and, indeed, metrics generally do, nor yet those of the shadows and rays of light of projective geometry, or graphics (which are such that if they are straight or flat at any one instant they are so at all instants), but of fluid objects which can bend and twist and, without being elastic, can be contracted or expanded in whole or in part in any desired way, the only restriction being that they shall not be ruptured or welded unless at specially designated instants in determinately described ways. Mr. Peirce remarked that this condition of preserving the connection of parts belongs to vacuous space itself, while it is demonstrable that these properties of space which are investigated by metrics and by graphics have nothing corresponding to them in vacuous space itself. Accordingly, Topics, or topical geometry, is alone the science of space itself, and all graphics, and *à fortiori* all metrics, can be regarded as a special problem of topical geometry. The most important part of the little known about Topics is due to Listing, who first distinctly conceived the chorisy, cyclosy, periphraxy, and apeiry—that is, the numbers respectively of separate pieces, of rings, of sacs, and of solid regions that cannot shrink to nothing—and who first gave the census-theorem to which these four numbers ("Listing's numbers") are subject.

Mr. Peirce, in addition to revising Listing's work, has added the conception of topical singularities, or places within places, from which former places bodies can, while remaining in the latter places, move away in fewer or more numerous ways than from any other places in their neighborhood. He has enumerated all the singularities that can exist of three-dimensional spaces, and has given rules from which all problems of map-coloring can, for the first time, be demonstrated and readily solved. He further professes to demonstrate that not a single one of the proper theorems of Topics (that is, none that is more than a property of a lattice) can be demonstrated without virtually assuming that space is not only continuous in such a sense that rational numbers do not suffice for discriminating every point from all others, but that it is continuous in such a sense that every description of any kind is either inapplicable to any non-singular point, or else is such that, exclusive of any collection of such points that may be indicated to which the description applies, there is another and greater describable collection of non-singular points to which it equally applies; so that it is correct to say, with Herz, the correspondent of Kant, that there are no points upon a line until they are in some way marked; and indeed there is no multitude of points that could be marked without leaving room for a greater multitude to be marked. In order to establish this proposition, Mr. Peirce gives a completed doctrine of multitude which solves demonstratively the vexed question whether two collections can each be greater than the other. The memoir was said to solve a number of other problems.

Professor Crittenden gave a sort of appendix to that memoir which so deeply impressed the Academy at the Washington meeting. It was merely to the effect that a small amount of urate might be formed by low proteid metabolism. This slightly detracted from the force of his former argument, illustrating the tediousness of the process of settling questions in physiology by courses of experimentation. The methods of treating such problems by comparing opinions and narrating cases among physicians of great experience not only has the advantage of bringing men into notice, but, after fewer hours of debate than the years the experimentation would have consumed, the whole question is finally settled in the mind of every person who leaves the hall, just as it had been when he came in.

Prof. W. K. Brooks gave a paper on the pelagiac tunicates, convincing everybody that the two kinds of barrel-shaped animals with muscles round the barrel were

CARNEGIE BRANCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not widely remote, the completeness of the hoops in one case against their incompleteness in the other not being an invariable distinction, and two other supposed essential differences being only a difference in the degrees of development of certain parts. Dr. Franz Boas, the distinguished anthropologist, treated of psychic associations in primitive culture, making some interesting remarks that nobody who heard them is likely to forget, although they may have seemed matters of common knowledge. Professor Woodward communicated a brief account of a paper by Mr. C. E. Mendenhall, son of the Academician of that name, concerning the determination of the absolute value of gravity by means of a pendulum in the form of a ring suspended from sixteen different points. The value of the method could not be judged without long and minute study. Professor Woodward described a pendulum of his own invention, in the form of a horizontal bar suspended by long steel ribbons without knife edges. Since this apparatus presents no problems that have not been completely worked out, it is certain that it would be an excellent way of determining gravity. The chief difficulty would be to ascertain the temperature; for unless the suspending ribbons are very long, the advantages of this form will not be secured. Professor Chandler performed before the Academy a determination of the oxygen in the air of the Subway by Hempel's method. It is a very elegant method, and was very beautifully executed by a student of Professor Chandler.

JEAN JACQUES WEISS.

PARIS, November 5, 1904.

Prince Georges Stirbey has published some 'Notes and Impressions, with a Selection of Letters' of his friend J. J. Weiss, one of the most gifted journalists of the time of the Second Empire and of the period which followed the war of 1870 and ended in the establishment of the Republic. Weiss belonged to the unfortunate and brilliant generation of writers who had attained their majority at the time of the December *Coup d'État*. He was a friend aud companion of Prévost-Paradol, of Edmond About, of Taine, of Francisque Sarcey. They all entered life, after the most brilliant studies, as natural adversaries of a régime which suppressed the liberty of the press. Everything is known about Prévost-Paradol, who in the end became reconciled to the Empire, and Minister of France at Washington; about About, author of many popular books; about Sarcey, who became a theatrical critic; about Taine, the only one who left a lasting memory, as he wrote books instead of newspaper articles. Weiss was, more than any of his friends, a born journalist, and left no work of importance. As a journalist, he was equal if not superior to all his contemporaries; but the fame of the journalist is as ephemeral as the fate of the actor. Under the Empire, a clever newspaper article was an event; but, after 1870, journalism became absolutely free, and if Weiss had not achieved a reputation under Napoleon III., he would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to attain to any great notoriety amid absolute freedom of the press and the confusion which it creates.

Weiss was so fortunate as to be admitted under the Empire to the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, the most highly reputed of French newspapers.

"It was," says Prince Stirbey in his preface, "an epoch full of difficulties and of dangers for a journalist; for people lived under a reign of warnings, suspensions, suppressions. Weiss knew with a consummate art how to avoid these numerous dangers. It was at this difficult period that he entered into full possession of himself. His talent acquired great surety, without losing anything of its vividness; his mind, an exactness and a clearness fine and subtle; his style, a new precision. Who is there, in our generation, that does not remember Weiss's leaders in the *Débats*? The politicians, even those whom he attacked, read them with a serious fascination; the Liberals were charmed with them; while the Imperial Government felt struck by them, and was powerless to restrain the liberties and audacities so adroitly managed. With what a clever hand, what a mixture of boldness and of caution, what ingenious allusions and citations, Weiss knew how to make his readers understand what he could not say overtly; with what foresight he knew how to prophesy the misfortunes of the foreign policy of France!"

His great success on the *Débats* opened all doors to Weiss; he wrote at times for the then famous *Courrier du Dimanche*, for the *Journal de Paris*, for the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, but he always remained faithful to the *Débats*, the most literary of our newspapers. He had received a highly classical culture at the École Normale, and occasionally he tried his hand at articles on purely literary subjects. Many of his essays, literary or political, have been gathered in several volumes. I will here give only their titles: 'À propos de Théâtre,' 'Autour de la Comédie-Française,' 'Le Drame Historique et le Drame Passionnel,' 'Essais sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française,' 'Molière,' 'Le Théâtre et les Mœurs,' 'Les Théâtres Parisiens.' This list shows that Weiss had become a theatrical critic as well as Sarcey and some other of his friends; but theatrical matters were always to him a secondary object, and politics remained the great preoccupation of his life.

This new volume of 'Notes et Impressions' contains also a few essays, on the most various subjects, but its chief interest lies in the letters of Weiss which it makes public. I will, however, note a short essay which has, so to speak, a retrospective interest, at a moment when the separation of Church and State is daily discussed in France. It is thus entitled: "Are the ministers of the churches who receive a salary public functionaries?" and was written in September, 1881. It is well known that, after the period of the Revolution, in which all the Church properties had been confiscated, Napoleon made a treaty with Pius VII. which goes under the name of the Concordat. This treaty still subsists, after a century, but there is question of putting an end to it. The State gives a salary to the priests of the Catholic Church, to the ministers of the Reformed Church of France, and to the rabbis of the Jewish persuasion. Three churches are, what is called, recognized by the State—the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jewish. Weiss maintained that the priests or parsons are not public functionaries, in the ordinary sense of the word.

Weiss's correspondence, which is published in the present volume, has a special interest. It would have been as well to leave unpublished some letters to Madame . . ., which are almost childish; but we can read with pleasure, for instance, letters from Taine to Weiss. In one, dating as far back as 1859, Taine sets forth his method:

"I am not an artist; I do not pretend to be one. I treat moral matters like physiology; I do nothing more. I have borrowed from philosophy and positive science methods which seemed to me powerful, and I have applied them to psychological sciences. I treat of sentiments and ideas as others do of functions and organs; what is more, I believe that the two orders of facts have the same nature, are submitted to equal necessities, and are the two sides of the same thing, the Universe. . . . All my ambition is to put my ideas in writing. As to the form, I make as little of it as you please."

Renan writes to Weiss in 1862, on the subject of the suspension of his lectures at the Collège de France, where he was professor of the Hebrew language:

"I delivered lectures in history, not in theology. It is quite true that the Collège de France is not a school of theology; but I was not theologizing when I treated, from the point of view of positive science, points of history which theologians treat from another point of view. Otherwise the finest and the most important pages of history would be suppressed."

The professorship of French Poetry at the Sorbonne was promised to Weiss in 1863, but Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, thought it incompatible with collaboration with the *Débats*, and asked Weiss to choose between the two. Weiss preferred to remain on the *Débats*. This was the occasion of a correspondence with M. Saint-René Taillandier, who obtained the professorship.

In 1867 and 1868, we find several letters addressed to Weiss by Thiers. He congratulates Weiss on his articles, and discusses several points with him. Alluding to a pamphlet which he wrote in 1830, 'La Monarchie de 1830,' now very rare, Thiers says: "It was written during the ministry of Casimir Périer; the monarchy of 1830 had been only six months in existence. . . . Its crime was that it struggled hard against the assaults of the Republicans in Paris and the Chouans in La Vendée." After the war between Austria and Prussia, Thiers writes (September 21, 1868):

"In 1866, on the discussion of the Address, I got it sent back to a committee, as the German question was omitted; thinking that France could not be indifferent in such a question. The committee concocted a senseless phrase, and, thanks to M. Ollivier, the Chamber was content with it. As for myself, I advised, not war, which was unnecessary, but, what was easy, opposition to the union of Italy and Prussia, by declaring that France would join the party which should be attacked by the other. There was but a word to be spoken, and I begged the Government to speak it. . . . The day after Sadowa, it was still possible to repair the evil—not the whole, but a part of it; but the Chamber had adjourned, and I could not speak."

In another letter, he returns to the question. He had told the Chamber:

"Prussia is going to become a formidable power if you don't arrest her. Nothing is easier. Prussia counts upon the alliance of Italy, and Italy depends upon you. Forbid her to ally herself with Prussia, and she will not disobey you. Say to Prussia that France is one of the guarantors of the German Confederacy, and has, therefore, the right and duty to defend its Constitution."

Such were the illusions of M. Thiers. He did not understand the strength of the movement which culminated in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formation of Italian unity and of German unity; but he clearly perceived that it was not the mission of France to join the hands of Italy and Germany together. If great changes were made in Europe, it was the duty of the French Government to try to obtain some accession of strength for France.

In June, 1871, we find a curious memorandum of Weiss's on a person who wished to be informed as to the exact situation in France after the war:

"The Republic has been killed less by the insurrection of the Commune than by the inactive incapacity of Jules Favre, of Trochu, and of their colleagues in Paris during the siege, by the feverish and agitated incapacity of Gambetta in the provinces, by the awful waste which signalized, in Paris and in the provinces, the Government of the National Defence. The logic of the situation created by the disaster at Sedan under the Empire, by the catastrophes of Metz and Le Mans under the Republic, seems to bring us back to Henri V. There has been among enlightened and philosophical spirits, during these last eight years, a serious revulsion in favor of the doctrine of royal heredity. But this movement did not extend below the level of philosophical minds. The high, the middle, and the petty bourgeoisie have kept all their prejudices against the dogma of legitimacy, and these prejudices are as absolute as they are invincible. The manifesto of the Count de Chambord has only increased and sanctioned this unanimous repugnance."

Speaking of Thiers, he says: "As for the Presidency of Thiers, it satisfies nobody. M. Thiers, who controls neither his temperament nor his nerves, has alienated the National Assembly by his impatience and his insolence." Weiss had no political *partipris;* he consented to accept the post of Councillor of State, under the Ministry of Ollivier, when the Empire transformed itself and tried to become parliamentary and liberal. He accepted from Gambetta a high situation in the Foreign Office, but did not keep it long. His misfortune was to live at a time when everything was uncertain, when parties were in a state of constant fermentation and dissolution.

Correspondence.

THE APATHETIC CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For many years I have read the *Nation* for its judicial criticisms of public men and measures, and am sorry to conclude that, in the recent campaign and now, it is so partisan in its views and expressions that its judgments are unfair and unreliable.

I voted for Cleveland on the tariff issue, and believe I should stand with him to-day if sustained by a party as sane and reliable as the Palmer and Buckner Democrats. In your editorial, "Apathy," of November 17 you seem not to imagine that an independent voter might prefer Roosevelt, proven to be honest, intelligent, and a true patriot, with a party back of him rational on nearly every important question except the tariff, to one for the time right on the tariff, but having in it a large minority—possibly more—represented by Bryan, Watson, Hill and that ilk, that would influence and might control it. Roosevelt, trustworthy as mortal can be, sustained by the conservative business sense of the country—though not right on the tariff—we think better than a party with some men right on the tariff, joined with an aggressive, perhaps controlling, element wrong on financial matters, and dangerous on almost all questions of law, morals, and government; and under suspicion of saying things not believed in, and putting forward candidates not representing them, and that might be unable to control them.—Respectfully,

Jno. H. Ward.

Louisville, Ky., November 22, 1904.

[We were, and are, very well aware that every thinking voter had to sum up for himself candidate, platform, and past history of each of the two great parties before determining how to cast his vote. Men felt the same scruples about voting for Cleveland that our correspondent felt in the case of Parker. The difference in the two campaigns was one of warmth and earnestness, the immediate subject of our article. Perhaps the lacking element was personal: perhaps Cleveland, renominated this year, would again have carried the day—certainly the canvass would not have dragged as it did. On the other hand, Roosevelt's popularity, amounting to the clean bill which our correspondent gives him when he calls him "trustworthy as mortal can be," may have been more pervasive than the President himself ever dreamed of. What we deplored was the lack of evidence at the polls that the present Administration's acts in "questions of law, morals, and government" had the least reprobation, such as might have found expression in a diminished if sufficient Republican majority. We can at least congratulate our correspondent on having conquered his presumable Southern prejudices on account of Mr. Roosevelt's offence against the spirit of caste.—Ed. Nation.]

THE GENOESE DIALECT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with great interest your correspondent's article on the Italian Dialects, but his statement as to there being no vocabulary of the Genoese does not seem to be quite exact, as may be seen from the following title: Casaccia, 'Vocabolario Genovese-Italiano,' second edition, Genoa, 1873-75.

Yours very respectfully, O. T.

November 25, 1904.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish immediately 'Arbitration and the Hague Court,' by John W. Foster, the well-known diplomat and author.

The Variorum Edition of the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher is to be published in twelve volumes by the Macmillan Co., under the general direction of Mr. A. H. Bullen, the editorship of the individual plays having been entrusted to various eminent British scholars. Volume I. contains "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "A King and No King," "The Scornful Lady," and "The Custom of the Country"; footnotes, facsimile title-pages, and introductions abound.

For the sake of a dozen of the quatrains facing the drawings of Mr. Gilbert James, FitzGerald's Omar is printed wholly on the left-hand page in the volume forming part of Messrs. Routledge's "Photogravure Series" (New York: Dutton). This is a little exasperating, and the drawings by no means restore one's temper. The scheme is Persian throughout, but there is no imaginative skill and very little decorative sense in the plates, while one is positively grewsome from its unrelieved literalness—"For who knows From what once lovely Life it springs unseen." The text follows the first edition, and is printed on parchment paper.

The six-volume edition of Poe's Tales, just issued by Messrs. Putnam, commends itself by the handy size of the volumes as well as by the print and neat binding. The novel feature is the generous supply of illustrations by F. S. Coburn, which show an uncommon range of power from the weird and creepy to the beautiful. The shadowy designs often miss their force from lack of intelligibility, but the best of them are impressive, and the artist's imagination seldom appears strained.

C. E. Brock's black-and-white illustrations of our English classics have maintained a high order of excellence, and his name is a guarantee of taste and skill in apt designs. He now appears in color in the Dent editions of Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield' (New York: Dutton), and distinctly enhances the other daintinesses of his publishers' customary output. These volumes can be commended without reserve as gifts or personal possessions.

Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' are once more luxuriously dressed in small quarto form, by the H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. The verse is incased in a floriated border, all printed in uncompromising black, Morris fashion, but readable. The white and gold cover has been well conceived.

The same firm sends us Tennyson's 'Holy Grail,' in which the tinted borders are of feeble phantasy and overpower the text. The binding is a flexible brown leather.

Pleasing in every aspect is the little volume proceeding from the Scott-Thaw Co., 'The Wisdom of Robert Louis Stevenson,' collected and arranged from his writings. It is prettily framed and rubricated, and contains both a table of contents and an index. The limp covers are in crimson leather or leatherette.

Paul Laurence Dunbar's negro poetry, 'Lil' Gal,' is launched anew by Dodd, Mead & Co., with ornamental borders in tint by Margaret Armstrong, whose name suggests the Hampton Institute; and indeed a member of that school's Camera Club, Leigh Richmond Miner, supplies some capitally chosen and set-up *tableaux vivants* by way of photographic illustration.

Similar treatment has been accorded Paul Leicester Ford's reissued 'Love Finds a Way,' from the same publishers. Here Miss Armstrong's borders are floral, bold and with good success, while Harrison Fisher supplies some wash drawings, less characteristic, but sufficient.

Mrs. Sally Pratt McLean Greene's 'Cape Cod Folks' has stood the weathering of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nearly a quarter of a century, and is worthy of the extra pains bestowed upon the current edition bearing the imprint of De Wolfe, Fisk & Co., Boston. The author's portrait serves as frontispiece. The charm of the illustrations lies in the full-page and vignette views of actual Cape scenery. It was a pity to mix with these a few mediocre and inharmonious designs pertaining to the action of the story.

Little, Brown & Co. have reprinted Mathilde Blind's Life of George Eliot, which originally appeared in 1883, with additional chapters on George Eliot's work, her friends, etc., and a complete bibliography by Frank Waldo and G. A. Turkington. Miss Blind's account of the great novelist was felt to be an unsatisfactory one in 1883, and it has not improved in the interval; in fact, its value has been impaired by later publications. It was, perhaps, hardly to be expected that the present editors could add anything new, either to the ascertained facts of George Eliot's life, or to the considerable body of criticism of her writings. What they appear to have done is to gather into their supplementary chapters such illumination as could be extracted from Herbert Spencer's autobiography and from the critical essays of Leslie Stephen, Henry James, and others. They have fallen into one error which it seems worth while to correct. They speak of Mr. Lewes as acting the part of a "master of ceremonies only" at the celebrated Sunday afternoon receptions; but those who attended the receptions in question will, we think, agree that this is a very misleading description. Lewes was one of the best conversationalists of his day, and he certainly contributed in large measure to the charm and the success of these gatherings.

After Mr. Crockett's abridgment of Scott, Fielding's 'Tom Jones' is taken in hand for the "Condensed Classics" of Messrs. Holt. The reduction, less vital than in Scott's case, has been performed by Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, who has brought the story within 450 pages 16mo. His object has been to prevent tedium, without affecting the course of the narrative, and also without Bowdlerizing.

Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly undertakes, in 'Émile Zola, Novelist and Reformer' (John Lane), an elaborate vindication of the famous writer and energumen. One may confess to some disappointment at discovering that the special pleading which characterizes the whole biography renders its author quite unable to estimate the sincerity of one chancing to hold divergent views concerning either the work or the public conduct of the unsparing satirist, who delivered his denunciations with possibly less of discrimination, and certainly less humor, than any one since the days of Swift. The value of such literary criticisms as this volume contains may be gauged by the exalted place given to 'Le Docteur Pascal' as the culminating effort of Zola's genius. In discussing 'L'Affaire,' it never seems to occur to Mr. Vizetelly that public attacks on the judiciary are usually punishable in other countries beside France.

Mr. Edward Marston, long known as a London publisher and an "Amateur Angler," and later by his 'Sketches of Booksellers,' has now dropped into informal autobiography in 'After Work' (Scribners). Entering the house of Sampson Low in 1846, and becoming a partner ten years later, he kept recollections of Bulwer, Macaulay, Samuel Warren, G. P. R. James, and sundry other more or less notable persons. He has more to say of R. D. Blackmore, who in the early sixties brought for publication a version of part of Virgil's Georgics. The future novelist then, as later, looked the market-gardener: "his voice was gentle, deliberate, almost timid." When famous, he was jealous of the book that had made him so, not considering 'Lorna Doone' "his best or even his second-best work." His too unfamiliar visage is the most interesting of twenty portraits here given; that of Jules Verne might pass for J. G. Blaine, while Charles Reade is presented in his most unwarlike mood. The late G. A. Henty "was a rough diamond of the first water, hearty, sometimes boisterous, genial, generous, sympathetic, and simple-minded as a child." Mr. Marston endeavors to account for the appearance of Sir Morell Mackenzie's 'Frederick the Noble' in the New York *Herald* and the London *Standard* two days before publication in book form, by supposing that the proof-sheets were stolen from the printers and cabled across. A necessary index is not lacking.

But for Elizabeth, Mrs. H. C. Eggar's 'An Indian Garden' (James Pott & Co.) would not have been or would have been other than it is. The "Burra Sahib" takes the place of "The Man of Wrath," and the coolies of the German peasantry. Unfortunately, there are no children to replace the babies of the months—it is Anglo-India's tragedy to be without children. These garden books, written by ladies, have a charm of their own. A woman cannot well write about the minutiæ of housekeeping—at all events women have not yet done so with acceptance; but a garden gives them a kindred subject, charmingly suited to the display of the feminine point of view. An Indian garden of the plains is an unknown thing to most people—the names of its trees and plants connote little to us; yet this book can be read with pleasure, photographs, such as they are, helping the ordinary reader's ill-equipped experience. There are nice dogs in it, and horrible snakes in plenty, tropical deluges of rain, and a sense of things growing apace. It is shade, rather than sunshine, that takes the prominent position. Steamy air, orchids, ferns, palms, and blossoming trees are the materials of the picture. Plenty of discursive interludes about odd characters save the horticulture from monotony, and there are not too many native words for the patience of a foreign reader.

Why is it that California is so inspiring to writers of mountain books? There are many vaster mountain ranges. Great glaciers are not found there. California is not remarkable for the difficulty or excitement of its climbing. Yet, from Clarence King down, good books about mountaineering have been inspired in succession by the beautiful region in question. We hardly dare suggest that the reason may be found in the fact that what we may call the professional climber goes elsewhere, attracted by higher game. Clarence King, John Muir, and Stewart Edward White are not to be counted in the ordinary run of climbers. They belong to the larger body of nature-lovers. The last-mentioned, in his newly issued book, 'The Mountains' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), certainly belongs to the Clarence King rather than the Whymper group of mountain authors. He is more a traveller among than a climber of hills. His adventures are those of the trail rather than of snowfield and crag. He introduces his readers to the forests, the streams, and the cañons oftener than to peaks. Evidently he loves the upper forest region more than the barren heights—his visits to the latter are brief. He can write well of what he loves. He belongs to the Thoreau kindred in his attitude to nature and the Borrovian in his eye for men. The book is one to be thankful for.

The "Langham Series of Art Monographs," published in New York by Charles Scribner's Sons, already numbers seven pocket volumes of from seventy to eighty-five small square pages each. The seventh volume is entitled simply 'Nuremberg,' and is the work of Hermann Uhde-Bernays; having the same character as its fellow-monographs, 'Venice as an Art City,' 'London as an Art City,' etc. Of a more general interest are the volumes on Bartolozzi and his English pupils, by Selwyn Brinton, and on the 'Illustrators of Montmartre,' namely, Lautrec, Morin, Forain, and Caran d'Ache—with others of their stripe. The second volume of the series deals with the color prints of Japan, and is by E. F. Strange, the keeper of prints in what was once the South Kensington Museum. Volume VIII. is to be an essay by Mr. Brinton on 'The Eighteenth Century in English Caricature.' Also, there are to be studies of single artists; Auguste Rodin, the sculptor, has already been treated by Rudolf Dircks. Noticeable in the Nuremberg book is a very personal tone, altogether welcome to one who knows something of the subject already and is prepared to enjoy a fresh treatment of an old subject. The present essay is for all the world like what a series of private letters might be, and is on that account far more entertaining, and perhaps correspondingly more useful. The first person is used continuously, and the author's own preferences are frankly avowed as impressions and inferences, not necessarily binding upon others.

Frank G. Sanford's 'The Art Crafts for Beginners' (The Century Co.) is addressed to those who would make a beginning of craftsmanship; formulates by simple precept the fundamental principles of all crafts, and illustrates those principles by concrete examples of beginner's work in wood, leather, sheet metal, bookbinding, mat-weaving, and pottery. The problems set for practice are well within the range of a beginner's skill, provided there be patience and the right spirit; these simple tasks, if performed with a full understanding of the real teaching of the book, will carry the learner much farther toward true craftsmanship than he may suspect. The book is not comprehensive, but rudimentary; without grasp of the rudiments the artisan, however technically skilled by practice, will fall short or fail wholly. The precepts of this book, which show the workman in what way thoughts may best be moulded into things, are explicitly set forth in a few lines here and there, but are readable between all the lines by implication. Respect the limitations of the materials and tools employed, subordinate ornament to functional meaning, learn more by ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perience than from any other teacher, let your own thoughts find expression, make the work and its product wholly your own—these are some of the wholesome injunctions of this useful work.

Among recent law books is an annotated edition of 'The National Bank Act,' by John M. Gould (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). All the amendments are given, and explained as well as annotated. It is pretty good proof of the careful drafting of the original act, now forty years old, that the number of decisions under it seems to be only seven or eight hundred. There are, of course, still openings for doubts and possibilities of controversy, but the small amount of friction and confusion with which the act has been in the main developed is remarkable.

"Comparative Literature" is a young discipline, but its critical apparatus is already considerable. Five years ago Prof. Louis P. Betz of Zurich published a bibliography of all the works devoted to comparative study, with an introduction by Prof. Joseph Texte of Lyons. Both of these scholars have since died, and the second edition of their book, 'La Littérature Comparée: Essai Bibliographique' (Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner), has been entrusted to the care of M. Texte's successor at Lyons, Prof. Fernand Baldensperger. Many titles have been added, and new divisions appear, devoted to the Scandinavian and Slavic literatures, to the foreign influences on American literature, to the history of poetic themes and motives, etc. The last of these is scarcely adequate, and the subject is still chiefly limited to *Quellenforschung*. A subject-index replaces the old index of authors, but the adequacy of this addition may also be doubted; under the word "Scaliger," for example, works on 'Dante and the Scaligeri' and 'Opitz and J. C. Scaliger' are alike referred to, and innumerable themes treated in the works listed in the body of the book are neglected when these themes do not appear in the titles of the works themselves. This bibliography is a valuable aid to the comparative student, but it still stands in need of complete and fundamental revision. No more competent authority could be selected for such a task than M. Baldensperger himself, but in this instance his work has been impeded by his tender respect for the memory of his lamented predecessors.

An Historical Institute of the Netherlands is to be established in Rome by the side of the Prussian and others of this kind. This decision of Parliament and Government is the outcome of the agitation of the historian Blok. The funds to conduct the institute for five years have been granted, and the purpose will be to make researches in the archives of Italy, especially for materials bearing on the history of the Netherlands. Dr. Brom, a prominent Catholic savant of Utrecht, is entrusted with this work, as he has for years been studying the archives in Rome. At the same time a scholarship covering five years of research in the history of Italian art was granted to Dr. Orbaan, who has been making special investigations in Rome for a number of years.

Express courses of lectures for women students are announced for the coming winter semester by the University of Göttingen. Seven professors and the same number of privat-docents, representing all the faculties, have united in this innovation and have already published their subjects.

The recent utterance of the Kaiser to the effect that a school of seventy children in charge of a single master is a "Menschenquälerei," has caused German educational journals to examine the statistics in the case. According to the reports published by Prussia in 1901, there were no fewer than 949 schools in the kingdom with a contingent of from 71 to 100 children for a single master; 685 half-day schools reported 120 and more children to a single teacher, fully one-half of these being in the Polish provinces. In 5,048 schools with two or more teachers there was an enrolment of between 71 and 100 for each teacher; in 89 schools with one teacher and in 415 schools with two or more teachers, each had charge of 121 to 150 pupils; and in one school with one teacher and in two with more teachers the enrolment for each was more than 150. According to the latest published returns, it appears that 19,653 teachers, or fully 22 per cent. of the total corps, suffered from the affliction and injustice the Emperor condemns. Schools are reported in charge of one teacher with 130, 140, 166, 168, 180 and 188. The climax is capped by the case of a man in Dozonowo, district of Kulm, with a school of 201 children.

By an error for which we cannot now account, we spoke of the author of 'The Island of Tranquil Delights' as "the late" Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard. His publishers, Messrs. Herbert B. Turner & Co., remind us that Mr. Stoddard is far from an age at which such an error would be fairly excusable, and we make haste to restore him, not only to life, but, we hope, to a long activity as a writer.

—The October number of the *Library* contains the second and final instalment of Henry Bradshaw's letters to officials of the British Museum, previously noticed. The longest letter, dated January 18, 1868, and addressed to Thomas Watts, then Keeper of Printed Books, seems to have been written in reply to an inquiry concerning the preparation of copy for the printed-catalogue slips used at the Cambridge University Library. The writer describes in some detail the routine as he had found it, and then continues: "At present my object has been to learn as thoroughly as I can what the meaning of the present practice is, and not to alter where I can help it, until I know what I am altering, and then alter at once. I feel so convinced that, in making any change in cataloguing, promptness is the only safe method." A wise rule! Mr. Robert Steele continues his investigations as to "What Fifteenth-Century Books are About," dealing this time with "Divinity." It seems that 45 per cent. of the incunabula mentioned in Proctor's Index are of theological or devotional character. Mr. W. E. Doubleday tells about the Library Association Conference at Newcastle-upon-Tyne last September. It is interesting to note that the council was requested "to inquire what assistance would be required to ensure the continuance" of the *Review of Reviews*' Index to Current Periodicals. Prof. Thomas Hodgkin's presidential address dealt with the Love of Books, tracing his subject from the times of the Palæolithic man. Among the addresses was one by Prof. Mark Wright of Durham College on "The Public Reference Library and Secondary and Higher Education." This paper is printed in full in the October number of the *Library Association Record*, which also contains the proceedings of the conference. The speaker regards conditions in schools and colleges as unfavorable to reading for other purposes than examinations. There is too little time for "browsing among books," too little reading for recreation, and too little time for thinking. It is significant to find this same note sounded by the Librarian of Michigan University, Prof. R. C. Davis, in an article entitled "An Over-use of Books," in the November *Public Libraries*. The discussion of Professor Wright's paper brought out the demand for "a lending library for students." The reaction against the pure *reference* libraries ("Präcenz-Bibliotheken" is the more correct German term) is beginning to set in.

—The 'Jewish Encyclopædia' (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is moving rapidly to its close, which is now fixed for the end of 1905. Volumes vii. and viii. (Italy to Leon to Moravia) have recently appeared in close succession, and, despite this speed, are showing a general quality very fairly equal to that of their predecessors. As before, and as is only natural in the record of a race, far more space is given to biography than to anything else; next, perhaps, come the notices of localities. Much of this space might have been saved, and probably with advantage, if all biographies of the living—an element of very uncertain value, and open to the suspicion of business influence—had been excluded, and if far fewer photographs of synagogues and the like, mostly of depressing architecture, had been given. Pictures of historical buildings, rich in memories and associations, are always in place, but too many of those represented here have still to make good a claim to interest for any but their immediate frequenters. Among the articles outstanding in general interest may be noted that on Jerusalem. It is naturally full and well illustrated, especially by an ingenious system of plans on tracing paper—giving the city as it was at different periods—which can be superimposed on one another. Even higher interest will be raised by the article on Jesus of Nazareth. The historical treatment has been put into the hands of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who is a folk-lorist and miscellaneous editor. Of him here fewest words are best. Much more adequate is the theological treatment by Dr. Kaufmann Kohler; his position can be put in a word: Jesus was "the acme and the highest type of Essenism." Jesus in Jewish legend is treated by Prof. S. Krauss of Budapest. The difficulty which this whole rubric must have offered cannot be denied, but that the thirteen pages given here are an absolutely insufficient recognition of the one personality of the Jewish race which, to put it mildly, has affected the human race in general, and which, as all believe, bore a message equal in weight to that committed to any member of the whole human race, is staringly plain. In the same volume the rubric Jeremiah—life, book, epistle—has twelve pages, and, if we add the separate article on Lamentations, has nearly fourteen—a page more. To turn to less contentious matter, Judah Halevi, the singer of Zion, whom all know if only through Heine, is sympathetically and sufficiently portrayed. The Kishineff tragedy is rehearsed; Judaism, from the reformed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point of view, has ten pages competently from Mr. Kohler—the conservative is to be given later under Religion; the Karaites are fittingly treated by Abraham de Harkavy. All these are subjects generally known. A life, however, which it is the privilege of such a work as this to bring into broader publicity, is that of Isaac Lampronti, the Italian rabbi and physician. We are here told of his Talmudic encyclopædia on which he had spent his life, how he began to print it in 1750, when he was seventy, and how the last sheet finally appeared in 1887, 131 years after his death—a case surely unique even in the slow annals of bibliography.

—In volume viii. the most generally interesting article is probably that on London—over twenty-three pages by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, here in his *métier*—with many illustrations and maps. Another is on Luria, the founder of the modern Cabala, but it fails to note the highly probable influence on him of ash-Sha'rani, the Muslim mystic, his somewhat older contemporary. Another deals with a singular difficulty which arises from the inflexible nature of Judaism. Where, for an orthodox Jew, does the dateline fall when he travels round the world? Poe, in one of his tales, worked out three Sundays in a week. For a conscientious Jew that would be awkward, but, apparently, according to the decisions, he may have to guard himself by observing at least two Sabbaths on his wanderings. No less than Judah Halevi, the poet, is an authority in the case, and the conception of Jerusalem as navel of the world is a starting-point. This, without doubt, is a matter "full of seriousness," as life was to the pugnacious Scotch dog, but only of a lighter humor is it that Daniel Mendoza, "the Star of Israel," a pugilist of distinction, has his own mirthful seriousness for this book, and carries off full two-thirds of the space of Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin, beside which the ironic alphabet places him. It must be a misprint that *metuentes* is said (p. 521) to be used "in Latin inscriptions by Juvenal for Jewish proselytes," but the misprint is of an awkward kind, and the article does not tell where in Juvenal the expression occurs.

—Another of the excellent Columbia University Press Publications (Macmillan) comes to us in the volume entitled 'Corneille and Racine in England,' by Miss Dorothea Frances Canfield. It seeks to show how systematic attempts at domesticating the neo-classic drama in England (by means of translations) failed to produce anything like valuable results. Exhaustive even to minuteness in research, this work is a most conscientious contribution to the history of byways in literature. The indebtedness of the English stage to its neighbors across the Channel no doubt helped to stifle originality. In comedy, as Prof. A. W. Ward has shown ('English Dramatic Literature,' vol. iii., 315), the "lifting" was unscrupulous; and in 1718 Mrs. Centlivre could actually say, in the prologue to "A Bold Stroke for a Wife":

"To-night we come upon a bold Design,
To try to please without one borrowed Line."

And yet some of the brightest scenes in her comedy were possibly recollections of Regnard's 'Les Folies Amoureuses' (1704). But conclusions as to the futility of transplantation should rest on some sounder basis than the evidence of translations executed chiefly by men of extremely mediocre aptitudes, and consequently incapable of rendering in English verse the stately measures of Corneille or Racine. The solution of continuity in English writing of tragedy comes in reality much less from the weakening effects of systematic borrowing or adaptation than from obvious conditions in social life which would have cramped native talent had any existed. Men like Addison and Johnson, who *imitated* the great Frenchmen, were totally undramatic in mind and temperament. That foreign dramatic influence can urge to higher issues and noble change, is one of the commonplaces of the history of the Romantic drama in Germany and France.

—The Classical Association of England and Wales, founded in December, 1903, has published its first annual Proceedings (London: John Murray). The objects of the Association are to promote classical studies, to impress on public opinion their claim to an eminent place in the scheme of national education, to improve classical teaching, to encourage investigation, and to create opportunities of friendly intercourse between the lovers of classical learning in the two countries named. We are not informed why Scotland and Ireland, where learning no longer (as in Sydney Smith's day) "goeth very bare," are left out of this alluring scheme, in which, as is the case with the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the serious and the social are induced to lie down together. As the president of the Association pointed out at the first general meeting at Oxford last May, this is no society of experts. It is designed to appeal even more to the outside public, which, if it ever knew anything at all of the classics, has retained only a rather vague impression that Greek and Latin did it no harm. By its choice of the Master of the Rolls as president, the Association emphasizes this aim. What the speakers at the Oxford meeting were inclined to dwell on was the practical value of a classical training. Professor Ramsay related that a land agent, a distinguished surgeon, and a general had all separately declared recently that "the resourcefulness and habit of accurate work, which they acquired in cultivating Latin verse, had proved of great use to them in the practical work of their lives," while Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge related an incident in which a young naval officer's knowledge of Latin had saved his country from grave international complications. There is something pathetic about all this. Lord Bowen said that classical scholars reminded him of a timid elderly traveller fussing over his luggage at a crowded railway station. But that jealous air of proprietorship is giving way to an almost too effusive eagerness to convince one's fellow passengers that to travel without luggage as solid as one's own is to court disaster. The Association's first enterprise will be to examine into the spelling of Latin in school and college text-books, with a view to establishing uniformity. This has already been done to some extent in America. The secretaries of the Association are Professors Postgate and Sonnenschein.

—It seems likely that the historical scholars of Great Britain will not rest content until they have established in London an institution similar to the *École des Chartes*. Even if the Government refuses to follow the example which France has set of expending public money on the education of palæographers, the requisite funds may be supplied by private donors. The Creighton Memorial Fund has been handed over to a committee, of which Mr. Bryce is chairman, for the purpose of providing advanced historical instruction. This money, together with sums especially subscribed, enables the committee to supply the services of experts like Mr. Hubert Hall and Mr. I. S. Leadam. We do not mean to convey the impression that a regular school has yet been started, but important personages are interested in the project, and much may come of it. We have before us the second report which has been issued on behalf of the "Advanced Historical Teaching Fund" by the Committee of Management. During the year which followed the institution of classes, thirty-one students attended the courses given by Mr. Leadam and Mr. Hall. In the year under review the numbers were well maintained, and the results seem to have been highly satisfactory. Mr. Leadam continues his lectures on the early Tudor period, while "Mr. Hubert Hall, in his classes on Palæography, Diplomatics, and Historical Sources, has completed a carefully graduated course of instruction extending over the whole session, in which he has dealt with the handwriting, construction, and classification of historical documents (chiefly English) from the eighth to the eighteenth century." Some of Mr. Hall's students have been engaged in collecting materials for the 'Victoria County History,' and in his Seminar much of the work was done which has given us the Winchester Pipe Roll in a folio volume. M. Charles Bémont's notice of this edition in the *Revue Historique* bears witness to the thoroughness of its workmanship, and other fruits of the lectures may be found in monographs by Miss Skeel and Mr. Wiener. For the present the committee is hampered by the meagreness of its funds, but London is so rich and the cause so good that an adequate endowment should soon be forthcoming.

RECENT POETRY.

Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman's 'Lyrics for a Lute,' published fourteen years ago and thrice reprinted, made him a marked man among the minor poets, at least in the eyes of those readers who still take an interest in poetry as a fine art. Such readers, whose perusal of periodical poetry can but make them echo Leopardi's cry,

"Musa, la lima ov' è?"

have found some comfort in Mr. Sherman's fine, though infrequent, contributions to the magazines; they will take more comfort and fresh delight in his new 'Lyrics of Joy' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Fortunately, Mr. Sherman's lyrics are not altogether of joy. The dozen charming songs that make up his section headed "Nature" do, indeed, carry no mood save that delicate exuberance of delight which springs in a sensitive mind confronted with the fresher beauties of this various world; yet the greater number of his poems are not free from that shadow of grief which lends a brightness to a poetic picture and a sweetness to poetic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

melody. Perhaps the most wholly characteristic piece in the volume is "A Tear Bottle":

Glass wherein a Greek girl's tears
Once were gathered as they fell,
After these two thousand years
Is there still no tale to tell?

Buried with her, in her mound
She is dust long since, but you
Only yesterday were found
Iridescent as the dew,—

Fashioned faultlessly, a form
Graceful as was hers whose cheek
Once against you made you warm
While you heard her sorrow speak.

At your lips I listen long
For some whispered word of her,
For some ghostly strain of song
In your haunted heart to stir:

But your crystal lips are dumb,
Hushed the music in your heart;
Ah, if she could only come
Back again and bid it start!

Long is Art, but Life how brief!
And the end seems so unjust:
This companion of her grief
Here to-day, while she is dust!

Mr. Sherman has the artist's gift of knowing the limit of his range; he attempts to give voice to few passions more poignant than this vague and generalized regret. Hence the prime quality of his work as a whole is the very perfection of pleasantness. In a poem, as in a gem, the more exquisite the cutting, the more do slight flaws stand out. It is, perhaps, Mr. Sherman's very success in studying impeccability that makes groups of vocables, like "as was hers whose," in the third stanza of the poem quoted above, hiss disproportionately loud in our ear. There are a few, but only a few, such jarring notes in Mr. Sherman's melodies. For the most part, his verse has a silvery sweetness of consonants, an ordered variety of vowels, that recalls the Elizabethans; as in his "May Morning":

"What magic flutes are these that make
Sweet melody at dawn,
And stir the dewy leaves to shake
Their silver on the lawn?"

Mr. Sherman knows how to handle his dividers and measuring rod as well as his file. None of these implements is very well adapted to making a noise on a tub, but by the use of them Mr. Sherman has given his poems form in the old architectural sense; nearly every one has a compactness and completeness of organism that makes it memorable.

We suspect that if one could get at Mr. Bliss Carman's set of these tools, so useful to the poetic artist, he would find them a little rusty. In his 'Songs from a Northern Garden' (L. C. Page & Co.), being the fourth volume of his "Pipes of Pan," Mr. Carman is as musical and picturesque as ever—nay, he is too musical and too picturesque. Like that Burdock who "never left anything out, as he wrote only for his own pleasure," Mr. Carman finds it hard to forego a pretty image or a sweet cadence, however far it may lead him from the path pointed out by the original poetic impulse. He captures many fine phrases, like—

"That's master thrush. He knows
The voluntaries fit for June,
And when to falter on the flute
In the satiety of Noon;"

but there is in the present volume no poem so perfect as half a dozen that could be found in any one of Mr. Carman's earlier collections, while the rill of neo-paganism that ran so pleasantly through those, here threatens to inundate the page with a kind of fluent amorism that leaves one dazed and unconvinced. How much a poet may gain in virtue by renunciation can be learned in no way better than by reading Gray's "Elegy" with and without the lovely stanzas which the self-denying ordinance of his taste bade him reject.

Miss Ethel Cox's 'Poems, Lyric and Dramatic' (Badger), are another case in point. The poetic quality of any given page is fairly pleasant, but the poetic vitality of the book would have been increased more than fourfold had at least three-quarters of it been left out. Miss Cox draws her imagery and her inspiration not so much from nature and men and women as she knows them, as from nature and men and women as Spenser, Keats, Tennyson, and Landor knew them. All her pieces are externally energized, so to say; but her Muse has fed on bee-bread of an excellent quality, and, though not always careful of the last metrical perfection, and sometimes too lush in phrase and uncertain in syntax, can, at her best, make very pretty poetry—witness these dainty and tender lines:

All through the fragrant evening ran a sound,
A piping shrill and lone, the meek complaint
Of some warm-breasted bird left desolate!
And hearing, soft we parted the white boughs,
Beneath a show'r of brittle snowy leaves,
And found, within, a little empty nest
Wrought fine and fair, and warm as a true heart
For sheltering Love; her balmy cheek near mine;
And frequent came that simple sound of grief:
One wistful tear fell, and her bosom heaved!
We turned amid the blossoms, dewy-sweet—
And, with a touch, eyes fell, and our lips met!

Thirteen years ago we noticed the original publication of Mrs. Lilla Cabot Perry's 'From the Garden of Hellas,' translations into verse from the Greek Anthology, which is now reprinted with the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mrs. Perry has dealt intelligently and very faithfully with her material. Her translation is as literal as any that we have in verse, but we do not think that she has been more than ordinarily successful in conveying to her page the fragrance of the *hesternæ rosæ* of Meleager and his fellows. This from Julian of Egypt is perhaps as happily caught as any:

I twined a wreath of flowers one day,
And lo! Love 'mid the roses lay.
I seized him by his wings straightway
And plunged him in my wine.
I drank and never more find rest,
But feel Love's tremors in my breast.

Yet whoever will be at the pains of comparing this with Addison's tenderly quizzical rendering of the same epigram, will discover how much the effectiveness of a poetical translation depends not upon literal fidelity of rendering, but upon the drawing out of those meanings which, as Dryden so finely said, "are secretly in the poet."

'Old Voices,' by Howard Weeden (Doubleday, Page & Co.), shows a vein of sweet and unaffected sentiment and a good ear for a verse tune. To our mind the following stanzas need but the substitution of an explicit "My" for the vague and prosaic "One's" in the penultimate line to make an admirable lyric:

The south winds shake the mimosa awake
With a shiver as soft as rain;
The south wind dies, the mimosa sighs,
And sinks to silence again.

And oh, but the scent that is faintly lent,
By the stirred mimosa bloom!
One's heart nearly breaks with the thought it awakes,
Oh tender, oh cruel perfume!

Not to sentimentalize our page with too many citations from the poetry of mild sentiment, it will suffice to say of Mr. Barton Grey's "The Heart's Quest (G. P. Putnam's Sons) that it is a volume of readable and facile verse, with implied stories and dramatic situations in the background that rather suggest the author's study of the poetry of Owen Meredith. On the other hand, Browning and Arnold are the obvious inspiration of "Thekla, and Other Poems," by Mr. Stephen Hughes-Games (Longmans, Green & Co.). This is a volume of earnest and thoughtful versifying—even the poems in blank verse on Scriptural subjects are not unreadable; yet we have not been able to discover in the volume any deposit of perdurable poetry.

The quality of the verse which Mrs. Mary Thacher Higginson has collected in "The Playmate Hours" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is seen to advantage in this pleasantly imaginative piece:

INLAND.

My home is far above the ocean sands—
Too far to watch the surges roll and break;
But every day across those meadow lands
Fly sea-gulls toward the lake.

No sound of dashing waves the silence brings;
No foam, like drifting snow, delights the eye;
Instead, a sudden cloud of rushing wings
Gleams white against the sky.

The sight of graceful schooners sailing fast,
Straight for their harbor, is denied to me;
But I can count the fair gulls soaring past,
They are my ships and sea.

"Hamid the Luckless, and Other Tales in Verse," Mr. John Payne's latest volume (Nutt), is in every way worthy of that excellent poetic craftsman. Mr. Payne renders his eight Oriental apologues in spirited pentameter couplets, with an unusual speed and vividness of light-footed narrative. A single episode of Hamid's adventures will give the reader a taste of the picturesque, Chaucerian quality of Mr. Payne's easy story telling:

Alighting here, into a vasty hall,
With aisles of fretted cedar rounded all
And deep-groined roofs, wherein the sweet sky's hue
Cærulean shone the golden tracery through,
Hamid they brought and on a royal throne
Of right red gold, with many a cushion strown
Of cramozin and purple, high and wide,
Enforced him, wondering, sit; whilst by his side
His host, the king, on likewise took his place.
Then he undid the chin-band from his face,
And lo! the king a lady young and fair
Was as the sunshine in the April air.
Perfect in amorous grace and languishment;
There is no man beneath the firmament
Might look upon her beauty but in twain
His heart were rent for love and longing pain.

It is a little odd, but, nevertheless, a hopeful symptom, that writers of the better class of humorous verse show themselves more skilful artificers with the file than the generality of their more sober-sided brethren of the lyre. This is particularly remarkable in Miss Carolyn Wells's excellent "Parody Anthology" (Scribners). An ideal selection might have contained more pieces by the masters of parody and fewer pieces by minor parodists of to-day, but the anthology is more interesting to a critic of recent poetry as it is. If the contemporary writer of parody falls short of the charm of Calverley or the Smiths, it is largely because his wit is more topical and his versification less classically perfect; but in the latter respect, at least, there are, we think, admirable signs of growth to be seen in the work of some of the latest of our humorous versifiers. "Harry Graham" (Col. D. Streamer) is a notable example. His 'Misrepresentative Men' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) is decidedly *ad rem* in most of its hits; so it loses a little in absolute humor, yet it shows so high-spirited a mastery of words and metre (the result, we take it, of laborious days) that it will be read with pleasure by the most fastidious lover of what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is amusing. Mr. Graham is nowhere more gayly himself than in the last two stanzas of his "Aftword":

Abuse or praise me as you choose,
There is no limit to my patience;
My verse the London *Daily News*
Once styled "Mephitic exhalations"!
I lived that down (don't ask me how),
And nothing really hurts me now.

For while my stricken soul survived,
With wounded pride and dulled ambition,
My humble book of verses thrived
And quite outgrew the old edition!
So now I have exhaled once more—
Mephitically, as before!

We must not take leave of the writers of humorous verse without mentioning Miss Elizabeth Porter Gould. In reading Miss Gould's 'One's Self I Sing, and Other Poems' (Badger), the suspicion has sometimes assailed us that as a humorous writer Miss Gould has builded better than she knew. Yet at any rate she has succeeded in producing some marvellously lifelike imitations of a great variety of our poets in their less inspired moments. Take, for example, this after Shelley:

"Fair clouds are coquetting
In June's bluest sky—
All Nature loves petting,
Then why shouldn't I?"

Following a dedication to Mr. Carnegie that recalls the palmy days of the dedication as an art form, there are passages in Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's ambitious "symphonic poems," 'Peace and Progress' (privately printed), that resemble Miss Gould's manner of vaticination; *ex ungue leonem:*

"Prisons shall be tactful schools
Where weaker men may learn
Life's inexorable rules—
The power and will to earn!
Wealth—the unearned increment—
Shall be a public trust,
Ne'er for selfish pleasure spent
Or kept for lucre's lust."

There are some ventures in verse that have a right to be judged by their finest lines, but such concerted pieces of enchained poetry as Mr. Dole has attempted are no stronger than their weakest. There is a good deal of "new thought" in Mr. Dole's book, and some interesting metrical experiments, notably one in hendecasyllables; but, taken as a whole, the quality of the achievement is not above that of the average oratorio or opera libretto, which, indeed, its tone and manner very much resemble.

He who would know the difference between thaumaturgic versifying and the fine art of poetry has but to turn to Henry van Dyke's 'Music, and Other Poems' (Scribners). In the very first lines we catch the accent of the veritable muse:

"Daughter of Psyche, pledge of that last night
When pierced with pain and bitter sweet delight
She knew her Love and saw her Lord depart,
Then breathed her wonder and her woe forlorn
Into a single cry, and thou wast born!
Thou flower of rapture and thou fruit of grief . . .
Thou flower-folded, golden-girdled, star-crowned queen,
Whose bridal beauty mortal eyes hath never seen!"

This invocation is followed by ten sections of varied verse that make up the poem called "Music." Dr. van Dyke has divined the moods of diverse sorts of music and the quality of various instruments very sensitively, and he has contrived to convey those moods and qualities in wholly musical and expressive verse, ranging from the rollicking lilt of a capital hunting song to the ethereal melodies of a strain wherein he strives to celebrate the psychological marriage of color and sound. For our part, we distrust this *Andersstreben*, this type of poetry which, as its priests say, "constantly aspires to the condition of music." Yet Dr. van Dyke has achieved an interesting and all but convincing experiment. He has been saved from the tenebrous vacancy into which so many of his predecessors have fallen by his irrepressible gift for precise rather than vague and "symbolic" words. Throughout his book it is his mastery of the King's English that stirs our admiration even more than his singularly capable metrical workmanship and his wholesome and refined sentiment. How refreshing is the round tone of these lines from his "Victor Hugo":

Speak the truth with indignant lips,
Call him little whom men called great,
Scoff at him, scorn him, deny him,
Point to the blood on his robe of state,
Fling back his bribes and defy him.

'The Place of My Desire, and Other Poems,' by the late Edith Colby Banfield (Little, Brown & Co.), would have gained by a more rigorous editorial selection, yet there is matter in the volume to make a lover of poetry grieve for so fine a faculty so early cut down. Miss Banfield had, as her poems show surprisingly, a joyous love of familiar hills and streams, a poet's sense of the eternal pity of the world, and an instinct for the sincere and fitting word, guided by a knowledge of the very best in poetry. There is much in the book that tempts to quotation, but we must content ourselves with this sonnet, "To One Whose Father Died before Her Birth":

Is this the sorrow writ within thine eyes,
Thy mother's woe while yet thou wast unborn,
So that from birth thou wast already wise
In the great griefs that leave the heart forlorn?
A child of grief indeed thou seem'st to me;
Thy brow doth wear the trouble of past years,
Remembered not, yet ever borne by thee
Whose eyes are heavy with thy mother's tears.
Couldst thou, remembering, grieving, mourn for him
As we our fathers mourn in tenderness,
Thy face were not so filled with longing dim,
The yearning of a child born fatherless.
Strange mystery—that thou shouldst meet with death
In life's dark chamber ere thou drewest breath.

There is in the haunting human pathos of this, as well as in the directness and simplicity of its phrase, so perfectly moulded in musical cadence, evidence that it is the work of one who might have gone far in the paths of poetry. *Manibus date lilia plenis.*

EIGHT NOVELS.

Sabrina Warham. By Laurence Housman. The Macmillan Co.

The Georgians. By Will N. Harben. Harper & Brothers.

The Private Tutor. By Gamaliel Bradford, jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

More Cheerful Americans. By Charles Battell Loomis. Henry Holt & Co.

Manassas. By Upton Sinclair. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Waddy's Return. By Theodore Winthrop. Henry Holt & Co.

Hearts in Exile. By John Oxenham. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Undercurrent. By Robert Grant. Scribners.

'Sabrina Warham' is a story of the English coast, of cruel seas, quiet downs, and smiling farmsteads. As the landscape, so are the varieties of figures—lurid, grave, homelike, while in the mode of telling the sombre prevails. Through the sedate accuracy which marks the descriptions of nature in her wildest as in her most domestic behaviors, appears a deeply poetic feeling. So, too, each personage is handled with a loyalty of care that yet does not prevent at least one of them—Sabrina's mother—from being vague and unaccountable. Sabrina herself is of a palpable sweetness, a woman whose fine and noble idealism makes life difficult for her, and gives to her presence a certain awfulness from which the reader may not wholly escape. Valentine, the debonair deceiver, is almost too contradictory a compound of sincerity and sham for human credence. More firmly modelled is David, playing the silent, wise tortoise to Valentine's hare; David, in whose hawk's eye might be seen "a high aloofness, an unconcern in things near; horizons seemed rather to be its aim." Ronald, with his incurable cured love affair, is cleverly humorous, a not unnatural figure. Lady Berrers, the great lady, is described as "a stately romp," one who was "in repose a banquet; in motion, an elopement." The story turns on Sabrina's attitude toward a husband's fault, but this is a book in which the places are more personal than the characters, and the local atmosphere speaks as audibly as the story. "This is England!" murmurs Sabrina, looking at the long, rocky line of sea-wall and the green fields behind it.

"She was beginning to feel that this peace-loving disposition was the fundamental quality in the building-up of England's empire; that at the root of all her adventurous and fighting blood was this quiet faculty for shaping a field out of rough ground, for finding pasture in the wilderness; and wherever field and pasture, there a home and rest for her migrant breed."

All in all, the book is a fine, serious study of human nature set with dignity against a noble background.

Abner Daniel of old acquaintance is the *deus ex machina* of Mr. Harben's story, if not technically the hero. He moves as before among the scenes and figures of Georgia, dealing out to mountaineers and townsfolk philosophy, fun, and the higher skepticism, defending the falsely accused, smiting perjurers hip and thigh, and collecting his exonerating testimony an he were a very Sherlock Holmes. With all his kindly zeal for justice, Abner Daniel's humor lacks ethical delicacy at times. Thus, for example, bent on benevolence, he travelled to New Orleans, using a scalper's ticket, to do which successfully required deliberate, practised forgery. That he passed for I. Einstein is counted on to make the incident acceptable. This and other humorous proceedings of Abner's bring to mind the testimony of an inebriate recorded by a doctor in the *British Journal of Inebriety*, to the effect that society's habit of "treating drunkenness as a comic incident has something to say in the matter of how the drunkard is led to regard it." "American humor," that conspicuous product in the world's markets, should be jealously safeguarded.

'The Private Tutor' is like the tariff in that its revision were best entrusted to friendly hands. This is not to say that it lacks ability or brightness. A story of moderns with Rome as a setting is so familiar a scheme that it is something to find Mr. Bradford's Rome and moderns treated with considerable freshness. His Rome is light and unpretending, but, one feels, well-beloved. And his characters, an American cub, his tutor, a Polish adventuress, a Chicago girl ruling her parents kindly, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

running after the tutor with a consciousness of perfect taste, two malleable fathers, and a few social eccentricities, are less hackneyed than this roll-call indicates, but also more farcical than one expects from the best parts of the workmanship—the bright little touches, the crisp style, the talent for omission. The types, well introduced, are filled out lumpishly. The writer seems to have painted his figures with a whitewash brush after delicately outlining them. His landscape and reflections, on the other hand, are made as if with a manageable feather—a peacock feather, let us say, all eye and color—one that ought to do pleasant service in sketches of travel.

Mr. Loomis's 'More Cheerful Americans' are still cheerful and still American. As in the case of their predecessors, the reviewer heartily commends them to divers and sundry classes of readers, among them to the "grumbler," who figures now in the publishers' advertisement as the "gambler." Mention of the misprint is not intended to deter any gambler, who feels so inclined, from reading the book. Reform works in mysterious ways. The new papers are full of a cheer which is largely American and largely of a quality all the author's own. Miss Flutterly's reappearance is particularly a cause for gratitude as adding to the justified mirth of nations. Not the least sugary plum in the volume is the author's "Foreword," with his comments on that expression.

American, but of necessity not cheerful, is Upton Sinclair's "Manassas," a book combining lucidity and fervor to a singular extent. "A Novel of the War" it is called, and is, we understand, the first of three volumes. So far it is less a novel than a history, though the story is sufficient as a vehicle for facts more interesting than any novel. The causes of the war are here the theme, being touched upon as far back as the Mexican war, and the book closes with the battle of Manassas. The point of view is that of a young Southerner with a Massachusetts mother and a Harvard education. The heats of fire and ice animate him, yet he tells a straightforward story which may well set old blood tingling again and expound to young blood things they have read of, but not understood. Here are plantation horrors such as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' made familiar, and here are the less often recalled political approaches to the crisis—the tariff quarrels, the territorial questions, the judicial decisions, the Senate's eloquence. Here figure Yancey, Calhoun, Toombs, Taney, as well as Webster, John Brown, Lincoln—no fanciful portraits, but vignettes clipped from history. Here, too, is the most appalling battle chapter since Sienkiewicz's trilogy. Let the young read it and tremble, and learn to "heed the song that Clio sings."

Other war memories are evoked in reading a posthumous novel by Theodore Winthrop. It is perhaps not as complete a work of art as 'Cecil Dreeme' and 'John Brent,' over which readers in the sixties shed tears for the patriot and the writer. Yet it justifies his sister in having thought it "too good to let die." The revision and condensation which the author did not live to do, have been entrusted to Mr. Burton Stevenson. The very interval between the earlier works and this late publication serves to give freshness to the sense of the writer's powers; of the surprisingly modern touch without the modern journalism of manner; the old-fashioned touch, too, of a cultivation boasting not itself, but sitting easily through grave and gay. This is a writer who is too much an artist to preach, too much a gentleman not to have principles; too young to escape altogether sophomorism in his fun, yet always scholarly in persiflage. Plenty of nonsense; a youthful overplus, it may be, of story and figures, but no dragging and no moral confusion—no wives "belonging" to unrelated affinities. Rakes are rakes, and are so called.

The time is that following the epidemic described by Winthrop as "having California." The heroes bring their riches from Mexico and India to spend them in an old-fashioned Boston and Newport, in the day of hotel life, hops, and picnics at the Dumplings. It is not, however, the story which matters so much as the treatment—a gay, fun-loving, crisp manner, a sound, sensible romanticism, a natural fineness, a quaint floweriness, with an occasional flash of the youthfully lurid. In these pages is found again the old charm of Winthrop, the writer; the soldier, lost to his country in one sense, to be possessed in a fuller one, is foreshadowed in touches like these: "The line was not yet drawn upon the great national question of America which has since made the position of man and man inevitable according to character and education. Politics were not interesting." Ira Waddy, returned to Boston from the Far East, asks:

"'I may seem rather ignorant after my long absence, but tell me, do men with the social position of gentleman here accept office from a government that is willing to make and execute such laws as this Fugitive Slave Bill?'

"'Why not? Mere social position does not make men gentlemen. They call themselves Conservatives.'

"'It seems to me,' said Ira, 'that, in the present condition of things, a Conservative must be either an ignoramus, a coward, or a knave.'"

'Hearts in Exile' is a story of Russia and Siberian exile, dealing less with politics than this type of book usually does. The expatriated whom it interests itself in were neither Anarchists nor Nihilists, but peaceful workers for the people. This, however, was to walk too near the web, and in its strands they found themselves helpless captives. The dreary exile for them was as little cruel as any exile to Siberia can be, and left them comparatively free to help those many others who were far worse off than themselves. Thus there are glimpses and hints of terrible things, among them of the "hunger-strike," where the unhappy victims starve themselves rather than submit to constant encroachments on their small privileges, and where, if the point be finally conceded, it is because the superiors, though willing to torture, object to kill, lest blame fall on their own heads from the home authorities. As rider to the story of banishment is attached, with somewhat alarming minuteness, an Enoch Arden complication. The story is well told on the whole, but reads here and there like a translation—an effect not lessened by such un-English expressions as "grimp," "no littleness of mind imputes to Paul," "contented to her new life," and so on. These small blemishes, however, do not detract from the interest or force of the grim picture.

Considered as a novel, 'The Undercurrent' is far in advance of 'Unleavened Bread,' which was a series of theses clothed in coats or skirts according to circumstances. The story in 'The Undercurrent' has closer hold upon the interest, and the characters are more alive, more entertaining. Still, Judge Grant remains less a novelist than a propounder and pleader. He sets his argument before the reader with equal clearness and heaviness, whether he be expounding the workings of the progressive legacy-tax bill, the divorce laws in the United States, the Rev. George Prentiss's nicely balanced proportions as clergyman and man of affairs, the furnishings of Mrs. Wilson's gorgeous house or those of her soul as an apostle of beauty. His is the style of an expert in accuracy, and it is absolutely without perspective. Mrs. Wilson's brooch, containing a miniature of two children of tender age, and Constance's desire to have her child's teeth straightened, loom as large and solemn as their creeds and codes. Conversations may be identified by paragraphing and quotation marks. The mass of detail in relation to commerce, politics, legislation, ecclesiasticism, Socialism, and the inner life of multi-millionairedom approaches the line that divides knowledge from knowingness.

Of the characters, there are two in whom there is much that is real—the worldly-wise, stanch churchman, and the money-exuding Mrs. Wilson, worshipper of æstheticism in art and morals. The others (and indeed they as well) are more or less pegs on which to hang doctrine on many subjects, but mainly on divorce and remarriage. Thus, Emil is the deserting, not unfaithful husband; Constance, the wronged wife; Gordon Perry, not so much the man who wishes to marry her as the argument for divorce and remarriage; the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, the church's ban; Mrs. Wilson, the opposition of the woman of the world, of the æsthetic, and (in a conventional sense) of the Christian. The story is one of "battling for a woman's soul"—a deserted wife's; the outcome, her surrender to her suitor. There is no new argument, but many and varied repetitions of the old ones. The story of two divorces in high life is made amply disgusting, but rather as a contrast to well-conducted and sensible divorces and remarriages. One should not go out of one's own State to procure divorce, for that is backhanded and discreditable, besides being an evasion of the law, which might prove troublesome. An ill odor attaches to the adulterous divorce of the fashionable world, but the humble poor, abandoned by their mates, receive every encouragement to consider the defection a violation of contract carrying a right to remarry amounting almost to a duty for which the world will be better. "If our aristocracy proves no better than any other—if the rich and powerful are to sneer at morals and wallow in licentiousness," says Gordon Perry, "we couldn't blame society if it should try a strong dose of Socialism." Yet perhaps, Mr. Perry, without having recourse to this "strong dose," a beginning might be made by modifying your own views. You say: "Divorce and remarriage are in many instances necessary for the welfare of humanity, for the protection and relief of the suffering and virtuous, and the joyous refreshment of maimed, tired lives." "What-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever happens, the world will never go back to marital chains and slavery." "Think of the many poor creatures in the lower ranks condemned by your inexorable doctrine to miserable, lonely lives, who might otherwise be happy." Mr. Perry argues throughout as if opposition to divorce and remarriage were peculiar to the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches. He makes it a case of those churches *versus* the law of the land and the trend of American democracy. That other than ecclesiastical objections may be held, makes no part of his contention.

It is curious that Judge Grant, who in 'Unleavened Bread' satirized the "American Idea," now puts it forward as the war-cry of all reform, social and political. He writes of the American Conscience, the heritage of the American woman, American social evolution, the foreign attitude of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches to native American ideas—as one would speak of American chewing-gum. He puts into Perry's mouth a sneer at a literal obedience to a few "casual sentences which Christ is reported to have uttered thousands of years ago in Palestine." Though Perry cites the history of marriage and has at heart the welfare of society, his argument for remarriage resolves itself into the old familiar one—"I want to." "Why should a vitiated contract be a bar between you and happiness?" he asks the betrayed husband. When Constance, after long denial, finally surrenders, she has nothing newer to say than—

"I love him. . . . I am sure at least of this: that it is better for the world that two people like him and me should be happy, than live apart out of deference to a bond which is a mere husk. I prefer to be natural and free rather than exquisite and artificial. As Gordon said, the ban of the Church when the law gives one freedom is nothing but a fetish."

And it seems not to have occurred to any of these enlightened Americans, except the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, that happiness is not the only aim of life.

ROBA D'ITALIA.

The Most Illustrious Ladies of the Italian Renaissance. By Christopher Hare. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

The Story of Ferrara. By Ella Noyes. Illustrated by Dora Noyes. (Mediæval Towns Series.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

Venice as an Art City. By Albert Zacher. (Langham Series of Art Monographs.) Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

If the test of a period be the esteem in which it holds women, then the Renaissance, especially the Renaissance in Italy, ought to be magnified by the champions of feminism; for the Italian women, at least among the aristocracy, became emancipated long before their Northern sisters, and they managed in many conspicuous cases to combine purely womanly charm with high attainments in learning or with marked political capacity. The same conditions produced strongly individualized women as well as men; and among the group of illustrious ladies whom Mr. Hare has undertaken to describe, there are many striking types—intellectual, sensual, pious, fascinating, imperious—but there is no blue-stocking.

Mr. Hare has made a good selection—indeed, his list includes nearly all of the most famous ladies of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, beginning with Giovanna I. of Naples and ending with Bianca Capello. He gives a chapter to each, and properly brings out the details of the feminine side of life, its occupations and amusements, and gorgeous apparel. One tires a little at times of the descriptions of pageants, and longs for a canvas of Carpaccio or of Veronese; but pageants were an indispensable element in the Italian Renaissance, the natural expression of its pride and love of magnificence, as well as of its determination to live to the utmost to-day, "for to-morrow we die." And so these dazzling displays are proper material for the chronicler. But the question is, of course, how clear and life-like is Mr. Hare's portraiture, and to this we may answer that, without being first-rate, it is usually good. He does get at the essential traits of most of these ladies—he uses the word in its aristocratic meaning—he writes enthusiastically and communicates his enthusiasm; and if he unquestionably chooses a popular method, it is perhaps the fittest for his subject.

In an introductory essay, which we find the best of all, he describes the general manner of life of the daughters of the Renaissance. Of the biographical sketches none is better than that of Giovanna I., whose vicissitudes and tragic end Mr. Hare treats sympathetically, ready to give her the benefit of the doubt in each crisis, and happily comparing her to Mary Queen of Scots. Similar elements of misfortune and similar suspicions of guilt overshadowed both queens; it would be curious to show why Scottish Mary is one of the few historic personages known to everybody, while Neapolitan Joan is hardly more than a name. Of the other women conspicuous in politics, none of Mr. Hare's group equals Caterina Sforza, who, had she acted on a larger stage, might have proved herself the peer of Catharine of Russia or of Maria Theresa. As it is, she is the best epitome of the masterful qualities of Renaissance womanhood. Bianca Capello, on the other hand, was simply one of those women who, by their beauty or sexual magnetism, have turned the heads of rulers in every age. Her story, like Caterina Cornaro's, is woven of romantic episodes which novelists and playwrights would scarcely dare to invent.

Mr. Hare writes also of the three Lombard ladies, Beatrice and Isabella d'Este and Bianca Maria Sforza; of Lucrezia Borgia, whose inherent commonplaceness asserted itself after she quitted the horrible environment of Rome; of Vittoria Colonna, who was learned but not pedantic, pious but not priggish, poetic but not sentimental; and he closes his series with an account of Elisabetta Gonzaga, Duchess of Urbino, at whose court the culture of the Renaissance blossomed most delightfully. That court may well be regarded as the prototype of the *salons* which French ladies presided over in the last century. Duchess Elizabeth had the art of drawing to Urbino the most interesting persons of her time, and of making each shine at his brightest. What conversations she called out! What friendships she cemented! Mr. Hare wisely borrows many passages from Castiglione's 'Courtier,' in order to revivify the Duchess and her companions; wisely, too, he brings his work to an end with them. For the mission of civilization is to produce men and women of high breeding and true culture; and the civilization of the Renaissance culminated with Elizabeth of Urbino and her friends.

We cannot overlook two defects in Mr. Hare's book, namely, typographical inaccuracy and a tendency to florid writing. The Italian proper names are often misspelt—in the course of four pages (198-202) we find Asolani for Asolana, Pruli for Priuli, Giralomo for Girolamo, Aignadella for Agnadello, and Palazza for Palazzo—and there is some uncertainty in dates. Sentimental reflections and moralizing also might be pruned without impairing the popular style in which Mr. Hare works.

Miss Ella Noyes, whose name is new to us, has scored a success in 'The Story of Ferrara.' She has a remarkable talent for narrative, which enables her to tell the history of the little Ferrarese state with the charm of a good romancer; but she does not sacrifice historical accuracy to the picturesque. In the course of a little more than half the volume, she has described the four centuries of growth, from the bloody turmoil out of which the family of Este emerged, to the extinction of their line and the collapse of their duchy in 1597. The tragedies, the romances, the political intrigues, the interaction between the despots and the people, are clearly set forth. Excellent are the descriptions of the chief personages—of Borso and old Ercole, of the two Alfonsos, Lucrezia Borgia, and Renata, of Bojardo, Ariosto and the Tassos. We get a vivid impression, though it be only a glimpse, of the young Savonarola, Ferrara's most famous son, and of Calvin, who found refuge there two generations later. Miss Noyes displays her judicial temper in writing about Torquato Tasso, and we commend her disentanglement of fact from legend in the career of that unfortunate and overwrought poet. So, too, her account of Renata's Huguenot leanings are more accurate than Mr. Hare's.

She has, further, a grasp on the general conditions of the duchy and its relations to the outside world, from age to age. She lets us see the life of the people not less than the pageants and pleasaunces of the princes. And she has reflected to some purpose on the deeper meaning of the Renaissance, as this single quotation will show:

"It is difficult," she says, speaking of the piety of Ercole I., "to credit the sincerity of a faith which had so little influence upon conduct. Yet there can be little doubt that the religious feeling of this prince, who had not scrupled to attempt to murder his nephew and had beheaded him later without mercy, was quite genuine. The Italians, steeped in the revived spirit of antiquity, seem to have returned to the old natural worship of their land, and, under the names of the Christian God and the Christian heroes, to have bowed themselves before those more ancient divinities, who not only deified man's virtues, but his vices and weaknesses also, and who themselves stood with him on this side of the veil of the unknown" (p. 142).

As the volumes in this series are planned not only to give a history but to serve as guides to the buildings and art of each city, Miss Noyes devotes the last part of her book to a description of Ferrara to-day, including a helpful chapter on its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paintings. Intelligence and taste stamp her writing throughout. There are many illustrations, maps, plans, and genealogical tables. One regrets that the publishers have chosen for this series a light gray binding, on which neither the gilt title nor the tooling shows. As well have no title and ornamentation as to waste them in this fashion.

Just what class of persons Mr. Zacher means to address in his little book on 'Venice as an Art City' we cannot imagine. His information is mostly of that kind which guides shout through a megaphone to personally conducted parties. He insists on prescribing what emotion we shall feel—usually a "mingled" one—before each picture and building. Confounding the Three Inquisitors of State with the officials of the Holy Office, he tells us that "the Doge upon his throne became nothing more than a prisoner of the Inquisition" (p. 38)! So much for his historical knowledge. He supposes that the ring which the fisherman brings the Doge, in Paris Bordone's picture, is the ring with which the marriage of the Adriatic had been performed. So much for his acquaintance with Venetian legends. He regards Tintoret's "Fall of Man" and "Mercury and the Graces" as Titianesque, which is exactly what they are not. So much for his art connoisseurship. "And then," he exclaims on page 81, "the explorer of the Grand Canal holds his breath! For we are in the presence of the fairest gem of all—the *Cà d'Oro*, a vision of something *between fairy confectionery and dainty filigree-work.*" So much for his taste. He leaves us "with senses exalted and pulses quickened by this riot of color." So much for his emotions. Seriously, how can work of this sort be dignified by admission into a useful series?

The Wampum Library of American Literature. Edited by Brander Matthews, Litt. D. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

This collection is planned to include "a series of uniform volumes, each of which shall deal with the development of a single literary species, tracing the evolution of this definite form here in the United States, and presenting in chronological sequence typical examples chosen from the writings of American authors." The editors of the several volumes are to provide critical introductions, outlining the evolution of the form under consideration, "in the literature of the world." To insure a "satisfactory perspective," no selections have been made from any living American writer whose birth occurred later than 1850. The volumes now published comprise selections of "American Short Stories," "American Literary Criticism," and "American Familiar Verse." The editor of the first is Charles Sears Baldwin; of the second, William Morton Payne; of the third, Professor Matthews.

Of the three, the last is, we think, most successful. "Familiar Verse" includes *vers de société*, but also a wider field. Any short poem, dealing successfully with its subject with sentiment, taste, humor, and a light touch, will answer. There are not too many of them in the language, and of course most of those given are old friends. Lowell's "Auf Wiedersehen," Bret Harte's "Her Letter," and several of Holmes's best-known poems fall within the category. Mr. Matthews's introductory essay hits the right note.

The volume of Short Stories is not so satisfactory. The editor says frankly that he has not tried to collect the best American short stories, but to "exhibit a development." But why should not the best short stories exhibit the development of the short story quite as much as the best *vers de société* illustrate the development of that branch of poetic art? Apparently because the editor's theory is that the real short story was hardly matured before 1850; he says that the "dramatic concentration" which is the essence of it was "extremely rare before 1835," and "not common before 1870." He has been obliged, therefore, to trace the genesis of the short story "from inchoate tales," but not allowed to give us the true flower of the species. Several of the specimens we agree with the editor in thinking types to be avoided—for instance, the labored "Peter Rugg" of William Austin, which may be worth recurring to as a curiosity and as showing that the supernatural was in the air before the appearance of Hawthorne and Poe, but has no germ of immortality in it. Rip Van Winkle we are allowed, but apparently under protest; and we get only one of Hawthorne's short stories, "The White Old Maid," and even in Poe's case there is nothing but "The Fall of the House of Usher," a very good specimen of the author, but hardly enough of itself to prove the editor's case for him—that Poe invented the short story.

The fact is, that the editor is carried away by a phrase. He may himself have some type of short story in mind, in which everything is sacrificed to directness of narration, to unity; and his theory is so much in vogue that we are perhaps called upon to admit that the type represents a desirable sort of neo-classicism. But when we find that great masters like Hawthorne and Irving have written tales which have taken hold of the affections of mankind, in complete disregard of any theory, we cannot but think that much of the current talk about "short stories" nowadays is at least as doctrinaire as what was once considered absolutely conclusive as to "dramatic unities." Practically what makes fiction live is its appeal to the human heart; and while we by no means deprecate the interest of discussions about forms and types, it still remains true that no mastery of the principles of construction ever put life into any story. Logically, if such critical principles are correct, they can be applied to one species of fiction as well as another, and we ought to insist on this being a true type of "novel." We are perfectly satisfied to call 'Tom Jones' and 'Evelina' and 'The Moonstone' all novels, though in principles of construction they do not resemble each other at all. So we fancy that the 'Mosses from an Old Manse' and 'Twice Told Tales' will pass for the best sort of short stories long after the controversy over what a true "short story" is shall have been utterly forgotten.

To turn to the last volume, Mr. Payne has contributed an interesting introduction on American literary criticism, pointing out successive phases through which it has passed, and giving specimens of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, Howells, James, and others. When all is said, however, it looks very much as if the phases were those of our literature itself, and as if criticism had meant to each new critic pretty much what he pleased. No doubt we have passed, within a century, quite beyond the old theory of hard and fast canons of taste and judgment, and we all know, or may know if we wish, how to apply the Taine method or the Sainte-Beuve method to the "Transcendental School," or to Hawthorne, or to Cooper's novels; but are we really any more at one as to the function of art or criticism than we were when Poe became an editor, or when Lowell wrote the 'Fable for Critics'? It was all a rather bewildering chaos, even before Walt Whitman appeared. If we were to hazard a guess, we should be inclined to think that the progress of democracy had made criticism everywhere a highly eclectic species of literature, in which what was wanted was not so much balance, measure, and judgment, as some new and catching theory. Reading one after another of these specimens, we are inclined to exclaim, "What is truth?" when we are recalled to ourselves by recollecting that, according to more than one master, criticism has nothing whatever to do with Truth.

Porcelain. By Edward Dillon, M.A. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904. Pp. xxxv., 420.

This book is a very large octavo volume, printed on soft and light paper, and therefore, in spite of its size, not unpleasant to hold in the hand. It is illustrated by 49 inserted plates (many of them in full color), but these serve rather as adornments than to help the inquiry, for seldom is reference made to them, and the text flows on without concerning itself with illustration of any sort. This failure to utilize the plates to their full value has to do with a certain weakness in the book of which we speak below. But first it seems desirable to explain what a twentieth-century treatise on porcelain must needs aspire to be.

A definition of porcelain can be given in the brief words of a dictionary and in the short paragraph of a popular encyclopædia; but the full explanation of what it is and exactly how it differs from other ceramic wares is difficult, because uncertain. One student may call that ware a porcelain which another would refuse utterly to put into that class. This condition of things seems to point to a certain inadequacy in the dictionary definition, as imagined above. After you have read the most carefully worded definition there is, you will still be open to suggestions from another authority, who will tell you, with reasons to back him, that you have not in the definition as printed all that there is to be said, even in the way of definition. This uncertainty is increased by the unwillingness of potters at all times to reveal the secrets of their manufacture. Ingredients and processes alike are often impossible to fix with certainty, and many things stated in the most authoritative books as fact are inferences rather than the results of positive knowledge.

The history of porcelain, too, cannot be perfectly written, because of our still inadequate knowledge of the Chinese records; and perhaps those records, when found, will be inadequate. The day has long since passed when the collector of those delicate wares could talk boldly of the epoch and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place of manufacture of each one of his treasures. The collectors, and the dealers too, have got so far as to know how little they know. And yet there remains something of the old feeling that the traditions of the auction room and the bric-à-brac shop must have something behind them; and it cannot be got out of the mind of one who has for some years frequented those haunts of misinformation, that, after all, his blue-and-white is of the fifteenth century A. D., and his plain white of the sixteenth, and his *aubergine* of the fourteenth. And it is in China that the history of porcelain is to be found. The Japanese work is not ancient, or at least, in Japan, porcelain was not greatly prosperous or greatly in favor in ancient times. The admirable record of Japan in ceramic art does not include the work of the porcelain-maker until an epoch so recent that one hesitates to name it.

The porcelain of other countries of the Far East is hardly known to us, and appears to have been always rare and of minor importance. The west of Asia knew not porcelain; and as for Europe, the ware has been made only since Böttger's time, which we may set with Mr. Dillon at 1709-16, those being the years during which his experiments reached from a feeble to a complete realization of a ware as hard and as nearly translucent as Chinese porcelain, though immeasurably less beautiful and less perfectly decorated. The eighteenth century is the period of European porcelain, its development and its introduction into many lands. It happens, also, that our European eighteenth century was nearly conterminous with the period of greatest brilliancy and splendor in Chinese porcelain decoration. Therefore one who takes that period, during which the Dutch were bringing quantities of Eastern ware to Europe, and studies what is in that way fixed as to its date by its being preserved in private and public collections all over Europe, and studies at the same time the Chinese records and what is known to us of the work in Japan, will indeed reach the conclusion that to know the eighteenth century is to know all that is worth while knowing.

It seems as if Mr. Dillon had some such opinion. But in truth the lovers of Eastern wares have their own standard of beauty. For the student, in short, of Oriental art in the true sense, the eighteenth century of our era is a time of decadence. There are always fine things in a time of decadence, but still the tendency is away from the best make and the best design; and then of the wares which the Oriental student knows to be the best, there are so very few pieces, and those few so inaccessible, that he is driven, in despair, almost to say that the as yet unexplored early times may remain unexplored for him—that he will accept the eighteenth century as embodying the history of porcelain. But even in the eighteenth century he is stopped at every second step onward by complete uncertainty as to how a certain color was produced, and as to what is the Chinese written character for its name; he will be left in doubt as to the identification of certain decorative effects of great importance named, and even described, in the written history of the ware. He will remain so completely at sea that his book will be half made up of expressions of his own doubts and of the warring opinions of authorities whom he is compelled to cite.

If, then, we take up this book of Mr. Dillon's, we shall look first to see whether any new source of knowledge has been discovered, and we shall find that there is no such source of knowledge. Next we shall look for an array of previously ascertained facts and previously stated opinions, and here we shall find ourselves somewhat better off. An immense labor in the way of compilation, a prodigious industry, are made manifest by this array of facts and opinions. Unfortunately, however, they are poorly marshalled. The text is full of references to an unnamed page below where so and so will be made clear, and to an unnamed page above where it has already been treated; much of the essential matter is put into footnotes; the difficult points are evaded lightly and carelessly, as by simple reference to some book often wholly inaccessible to the majority of readers; there is constant reference to potteries of different kinds altogether unlike porcelain, and which are not carefully distinguished, so that the reader not carefully trained to discriminate will think that he is reading about the avowed subject of this book while in reality it is stoneware or Kutani ware that is in question. The technical terms are introduced cursorily, as it were, without definition when they first appear, and with explanation long afterwards when the reader has perhaps tired himself with wondering what their significance is; the description of a given process is very often imperfect, as in the case of the wholly incomprehensible account of casting in the manufacture of porcelain. In short, he only can make much use of this work who is prepared to read it through carefully, and to make his own cross-references on the margin, and in this way subdue it to his needs. There is a quite immeasurable amount of valuable information here, and generally a just and even a sagacious treatment of the separate decorations, the separate manufacturers, the distinct varieties of the beautiful ware. But the index, though tolerably full (fifteen pages), cannot alone suffice to untangle the maze of the author's thought.

The book can hardly be considered as "brought down to date," for there is nothing whatever about American attempts at making porcelain; and again, the very important renaissance of the Sèvres manufacture after that decline and that threatened abolition of the works spoken of on pages 312, 313, is not even mentioned. But this revival has been the theme of much discussion, and is really important, involving the introduction of makes of real porcelain which are not alluded to in the volume, and a very successful revival of the beautiful *porcelaine à pâte tendre* of the eighteenth century.

Cambridge and its Story. By Charles William Stubbs, D.D., Dean of Ely. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

The early beginnings of Cambridge, in the pre-Norman days, when it was still Grantabridge, were long shrouded in myth. Lydgate, the fourteenth-century poet, with more imagination than historical sense, maintained the agreeable fiction that Anaximander and Anaxagoras (specially synchronized for his purpose) were imported from Athens by a Spanish prince, and received from a British king the salaries of Cambridge professors. There is a certain unconscious symbolism in this legend, which forecasts the chief interests of Cambridge as divided between physical science and the more speculative exercise of pure reason. But it was actually to a monastic inspiration that the university owed its first foundation. The Franciscans chose the town because it was already a centre of trade, the most important in East Anglia. The famous "Backs" that lie behind the colleges on the river bank were, in the fourteenth century and later, a string of wharves, and the gradual conversion of the business quarter into college lawns and gardens was no doubt one of the sources of the undying estrangement between "town and gown."

The Dean of Ely attempts no competition with the larger architectural and general histories of Cambridge, but he has produced the best short history of the colleges from the foundation of Peterhouse, in 1284, to the opening of Downing College, less than a century ago. From the first it is the story of the gradual casting off of monkish tradition. The Bishop of Ely, who founded Peterhouse, took as his model Merton College, Oxford, which first threw off monastic rule by providing for students whose aim should be study rather than the religious life. The monks, they said politely, were overgood. The worldly outsider feared to send his son to the University lest he should be induced to take monastic vows. How gradual the secularization really was may be gathered from the University's attitude to the New Learning of the fifteenth century. Her young scholars were still "drowned in the dregges of divinite" when Cambridge, a trifle jealous as usual of Oxford, where Colet and Grocyn were giving their famous lectures, decided to propitiate the new spirit. To this end they founded a divinity professorship which should aim at teaching pulpit eloquence!—for the English mind is hardly the soil for a Renaissance whose ideal is purely æsthetic. "An increase of a knowledge of the Bible," says Dr. Stubbs, "they thought worth working for, not the elegancies of an accurate Latin style. It was not until the little group of Hellenists—Erasmus, Linacre, Grocyn, and Colet—had shown the value of Greek thought as an interpreter of the New Testament, that any enthusiasm for the New Learning could be awakened in England."

It was through the generosity of women that some of the finest of the Cambridge colleges came into being. Clare, next in age to Peterhouse, was the memorial of a private sorrow. In 1338 Lady Clare endowed Clare Hall with the fortune that had come to her through the death of her brother, "in order," as she quaintly set forth in the preamble to the statutes, "that the Pearl of Great Price, Knowledge, may not lie hid beneath a bushel, but, by being published, give light to those who walk in the dark paths of ignorance." In 1348 Lord Pembroke's widow founded Pembroke.

It is partly owing to the influence of Wycliffe that the Puritan Reformation is associated with the East of England. "Cambridge," it was said, "bred the founders of the English Reformation, and Oxford burnt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them." Emmanuel College, founded in 1584 by Queen Elizabeth's chancellor, was a stronghold of Puritanism. "I hear, Sir Walter," said Elizabeth to Mildmay, the founder, "you have been erecting a Puritan foundation." "No, madam," he replied; "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit therefrom." One of the fruits was John Harvard, "a Puritan, indeed, but of that fuller and manlier type which was characteristic of the Elizabethan age, rather than of the narrower, more contentious, more pedantic order which set in with and was hardened and intensified by the arbitrary provocations of the Stuart régime." Meanwhile, though with the passing of the centuries, college after college "rose into towers," Cambridge was not yet, as she is to-day, merely a university town, but a centre still of commercial activity. It is said that when, in the seventeenth century, Bunyan drew his picture of Vanity Fair, he took for his model the October Fair at Cambridge, which about that time boasted itself the largest in Europe.

We note with interest that in early days the University let the students shift for themselves in the matter of accommodation. When a mediæval benefactor founded a college, his object was to provide *not for students, but for teachers.* But this was in an age when students were not regarded as a source of revenue, the customers of a college, while the learning of the faculty is the stock in trade.

"Pray at King's," said King James, as he gazed at Cambridge with the eye of an epicure; "dine at Trinity, and study and sleep at Jesus." Mr. Herbert Railton's drawings in the luxurious quarto edition before us will remind every Cambridge man in what a beautiful setting he was privileged to spend his student years. The full-page illustrations are autolithographs, faintly colored, all charming; but to the eye familiar with Cambridge they fail by lack of realism. There is too much prettiness, too much softening of outline, too little austerity. They are like the highly idealized portrait of a face one knows and loves; one admires, but one wishes it were more like. As a whole, however, text and illustrations together, the volume cannot fail to charm.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith. Edited, with an introduction, notes, marginal summary, and enlarged index, by Edwin Cannan. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Editions of the 'Wealth of Nations' there are in plenty, but students have for many years felt the need of one that should have some claim to be considered the standard edition, at least for one generation of economists. From Playfair to Nicholson, Adam Smith's editors invariably laid themselves open to the charge of using the 'Wealth of Nations' "as a mere clothes line upon which to hang editorial opinions on economic theory," and often very poor opinions at that. Modern students have had to depend upon the editions of McCulloch, Rogers, and Nicholson; but McCulloch's editorial sins are now notorious, the notes and comments by Rogers are often ridiculous, while Nicholson's edition, although helpful for some purposes, is far from being what the student wants. With all the attention that has been paid to the history of economic thought in recent years, it is not a little strange that the demand for a serviceable edition of the 'Wealth of Nations' has gone so long unsatisfied.

Mr. Cannan's brilliant exploit in discovering and editing so admirably Smith's 'Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue, and Arms' marked him long ago as the proper person to prepare a standard edition of the 'Wealth of Nations'; and it is a matter for congratulation that he has at length accomplished the task. Although he has, as readers of his other works know, no lack of opinions of his own, Mr. Cannan has confined himself to the task of an intelligent and conscientious editor. He has undertaken to give us a satisfactory text of Smith's masterpiece, and has provided such critical and explanatory notes as the careful student requires; with his author's opinions, as opinions, he manifests the slightest concern. He has selected, wisely, the text of the fifth edition, the last one brought out during the life of Smith. With this he has carefully compared the first edition; and, wherever changes were found, has traced the history of each alteration through the intermediate editions. The results of this study are presented in numerous footnotes, and are well worth the labor which they must have cost. Even where the changes are trivial, it is satisfactory to be able to determine this fact for one's self rather than to have to take the word even of a competent editor.

The editor's own notes deal chiefly with the sources from which Adam Smith drew his information. Dr. Bonar's 'Catalogue of the Library of Adam Smith,' published a decade ago, and Smith's 'Lectures,' throw a great deal of light upon this subject; and Mr. Cannan is able to reproduce many parallel passages from earlier works with which Smith was certainly or probably familiar. In this he has laid his readers under heavy obligations, even though some of the quotations do not have as much significance as he seems to attach to them. We do not as yet know enough about the economic thought of the seventeenth or eighteenth century to enable us to trace to its various sources the common stock of ideas upon which Smith and his immediate predecessors drew. Mr. Cannan suggests, for instance, that it was "probably" a passage in Mandeville's 'Fable of the Bees' that suggested to Smith the expression "division of labor"; but this topic had been discussed by so many earlier writers that "probably" seems altogether too strong a term to use. Yet in this case, as elsewhere, Mr. Cannan's suggestions are interesting and worthy of consideration even when they do not carry instant conviction.

His introductory remarks do not exceed in length some thirty-six pages. After describing the various editions of the 'Wealth of Nations,' he passes on to the ever-interesting question of its genesis. The publication of the 'Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue, and Arms' placed many things beyond further controversy; and we are now able to estimate correctly Smith's indebtedness to Hutchinson, Hume, Harris, and others, and have only ourselves to blame if we overestimate the influence which the Physiocrats exercised upon him. Of all this Mr. Cannan gives an excellent account, but he hardly improves upon what he said in his introduction to the 'Lectures.' He now seems, however, to estimate more highly than formerly the influence of Mandeville. The sensible conclusion which he reaches is worth quoting *in extenso:*

"'The Wealth of Nations' was not written hastily with the impressions of recent reading still vivid upon the author's brain. Its composition was spread over at least the twenty-seven years from 1749 to 1776. During that period, economic ideas crossed and recrossed the Channel many times, and it is useless as it is invidious to dispute about the relative shares of Great Britain and France in the progress effected. To go further and attempt to apportion the merit between different authors is like standing on some beach and discussing whether this or that particular wave had most to do with the rising tide."

Mr. Cannan has done his work so well that we now have what is likely to remain for some time the standard edition of the 'Wealth of Nations.' The publishers, however, have hardly met the editor half way. The print is too fine, and the book is made of inferior paper which tears at the slightest provocation. The work is one which the most diligent student will hardly master at a single sitting, and should have been given a dress that would enable it to outlast two or even three sessions. It should be observed, finally, that the editor has provided a most satisfactory index which seems to meet all possible requirements.

Far and Near. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904. Crown 8vo, pp. viii., 288.

The lovers of John Burroughs's sketches of wood and wild will be glad to possess this reprint, in convenient form, of a number of papers printed by him during the last four years and hitherto not gathered together. The most extended of them is the narrative of the Harriman expedition to Alaska, included by courtesy of the patron of the expedition and Doubleday, Page & Co., who published it in 1901, with other records of the expedition. Seven other briefer papers follow, which saw the light first in various periodicals.

To these, under the title of "A Lost February," is added the hitherto unprinted record of a month's experience in Jamaica, whither the author had fled to avoid the asperities of a northern winter's end. This record has a special interest as being one of the few descriptions of the tropics which, after duly noticing the attractions, the unfamiliar life (human and other), the cordial hospitality of the local residents, and the balmy languor of the climate, tells also of the other side. Almost every thinking native of the north temperate zone, on visiting the tropics, has felt what Burroughs here frankly states about the land "cursed with perpetual summer," the distances "far enough" or "not too far," the scourge of insects, the repugnant vegetation, tepid drinking water, and shiftless, unmoral population of the lower classes. The songbirds of the north lose their voices during their southward migration; there is nothing in the blossoms of the tropics, taken in the mass, to compare with the flowery hillsides

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the north; the vaunted fruits of the tropics are, for the most part, insipid or mawkish beside those of the temperate zone; and of the few of which this criticism is not true, as the orange and pine-apple, the finest are those grown nearest to the northern limits of the tropics. The woods are uninteresting, thorny, dusty, spiny, reeking with minute ticks; the foliage "varnished with the heat," or, more scientifically, as a protection against the heat; the palms and bananas yielding their effect of grace much the best at a considerable distance.

We have heard not a little of the unfortunate economic conditions of the Antilles, which, as usual, is laid to the disinclination of the colored people to work for employers. An interesting side light on the matter is thrown by the following observations of the author:

"The burden of taxation in the island is excessive, and kills all native enterprise. If a new industry starts, it is taxed out of existence—I was told of several which had been thus killed. They literally tax the wheels off the wagons, the tax being about five dollars a wheel. A man is afraid to make any improvement about his house, . . . lest his taxes be increased. I heard of an American who took an automobile there to make a tour of the island, but the sum demanded by the authorities before they would allow him to land it—something over a hundred dollars—was so great that he went back home with it on the steamer's return trip. Hence I say that the tax-gatherer is the incubus that weighs down Jamaica. The people are excessively taxed, largely to pay big salaries to the tax-gatherers."

Some Americans may see a lesson for us in this.

A Belle of the Fifties: Social and Political Life in Washington and the South, 1853-66. Edited by Ada Sterling. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The memoirs of Mrs. Clay, wife of the former United States Senator from Alabama, belong in more than their historical reminiscences to a far remote past. Travellers in the ante-bellum South were wont to remark upon the eighteenth-century character of such literary tastes as were encouraged; the leisurely and cultivated classes being much more at home with the English writers of the days of Queen Anne and the Georges than of the Victorian century. Especially is this taste shown in the romantic phrases which were employed with regard to women, who were mostly looked upon as of a celestial nature, and needing for their perfection only a few ornamental studies, a little music, a modicum of painting, and perhaps some skill in cooking, and were particularly admonished against the vulgarizing pursuits of the masculine mind, such as the so-called useful and learned arts and sciences. That atmosphere is strongly reflected in these memories of the domination of the national capital by the South. The statesmen and men of wit and eloquence here noted are chiefly from the slave States or wholly from among their partisans; and the brilliancy of the Administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, both in their public aims and their social quality, is disdainfully contrasted with the new era of Northern rule, of which rumor bore strange tales to the Southern ladies who retreated before the approaching storm of war—tales over which they sighed as over a fallen world.

The portions of the book which deal with the period before secession are largely recollections of showy festivities at which gallant men showered compliments upon lovely and beautiful women; but when the solemn tragedy of the war had swept into Southern homes, there enters into the memoirs a more pathetic and serious temper, albeit still characterized by the scorn of Northern men and ideas. Senator Clay's estate at Huntsville, Ala., was wasted and his family impoverished, and when Lincoln was assassinated, accusations were made of Mr. Clay's complicity in the plot, whereupon he gave himself up to the national authorities, and was for a long period subjected to the hardships and indignities which befell his friend the late President of the Confederacy, in Fortress Monroe. That both these prisoners were the victims of the fierce and somewhat unreasoning resentment which followed Lincoln's death, there can be no question; and one of the most interesting parts of the narrative is Mrs. Clay's accounts of her various stormy interviews with President Johnson and Secretary Stanton, the former of whom she found sufficiently kindly but timid, and in mortal fear of Stanton, for whom our author has only words of anger. Mr. Solicitor Holt is also accused of manifold crimes of injustice and contempt of legal methods in his persecution of all whom he suspected of a conspicuous part in the assassination.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Askawa, K. The Russo-Japanese Conflict. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Avery, Elroy M. School Chemistry. American Book Co.
Barksdale, George. Punch. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.
Bat, Bill. Hoosier Hunting Grounds. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.
Bergen, Joseph Y. Elements of Botany. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.30.
Bode, Wilhelm. Stunden mit Goethe. Berlin.
Boyle, Wm. Christmas at the Zoo. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents.
Braithwaite, William Stanley. Lyrics of Life and Love. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1 net.
Bronson, Clark H. Twice a Man. Chicago: Bronson & Co.
Brownell, L. W. Photography for the Sportsman Naturalist. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Buffalo Historical Society, Publications. Vol. VII. Edited by F. H. Severance. Buffalo, N. Y.
Calderón's La Vida es Sueño. Edited by William W. Comfort. American Book Co.
Carr, Clark E. The Illini. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Carryl, Guy Wetmore. Far from the Maddening Girls. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Cartwright, Julia. Sandro Botticelli. Dutton. $4 net.
Chancellor, William Estabrook. Our Schools, their Administration and Supervision. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Chapin, Anna Alice. Makers of Song. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Coates, Florence Earle. Mine and Thine. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Conrad, Joseph. Nostromo. Harpers. $1.50.
Cooley, Winnifred H. The New Womanhood. Broadway Pub. Co.
Crafts, Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur, and Others. Intoxicants and Opium. Washington: International Reform Bureau.
Creighton, Mandell. Life and Letters of. By his Wife. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.
Cullaton, Harriet C. Firm of Nan & Sue. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Crockett, S. R. Raiderland. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.
Daily Cheer. Selected and arranged by M. Allette Ayer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Daskam, Josephine. Her Fiancé. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Daumier and Gavarni. With critical and biographical notes by Henri Frantz and Octave Uzanne. John Lane. $3 net.
Davidson, John. Selected Poems. John Lane.
Davidson, Randall Thomas. The Christian Opportunity. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Macmillan Co.
Douglas, Sir Robert K. Europe and the Far East. Macmillan Co. $2.
Dutton's Holiday Annual for 1905. Edited by Alfred C. Playne. Dutton. $1.25.
Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Flint's Letters from America. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Emerson's Centenary Edition. Vols. 10, 11, and 12 (final). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 per vol.
Escott-Inman, H. David Chester's Motto, "Honour Bright." Frederick Warne & Co. $1.50.
Foster, John W. Arbitration and the Hague Court. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Frankau, Julia. The Lives and Works of James and William Ward. Vol. I., Biography, etc.; Vol. II., Folio of 40 copperplate engravings. Macmillan Co. $150.
Frost, William Dodge. A Laboratory Guide in Elementary Bacteriology. Macmillan Co. $1.60.
Fullerton, George Stuart. A System of Metaphysics. Macmillan Co.
Gano, D. Curtis. Commercial Law. American Book Co.
Garnett, Richard. William Shakspere, Pedagogue and Poacher. John Lane. $1.25 net.
Gay, Maude Clark. The Knitting of the Souls. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Gilder, Jeannette L. The Tom-Boy at Work. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.
Gilfillan, Joseph A. The Ojibway. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.
Goodrich-Freer, A. Inner Jerusalem. Dutton. $3 net.
Granville, William Anthony. Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.
Greene, Henry Copley. The Father: A Drama. Scott-Thaw Co. $1.50 net.
Greenough, J. G. The Apostles of Our Lord. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Guiney, Louise Imogen. Hurrell Froude. London: Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Hale, Edward E. Prayers in the Senate of the United States, 1904. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Hancock, H. Irving. Chuggins. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Hawkins, Sir Henry, The Reminiscences of. Edited by Richard Harris. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $8.50 net.
Heaton, Augustus George. Fancies and Thoughts in Verse. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Henry, O. Cabbage and Kings. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Herford, Oliver. The Rubáiyát of a Persian Kitten. Scribners. $1 net.
Hewlett, Maurice. The Road in Tuscany. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. $6 net per set.
High Living. Compiled by L. L. McLaren. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
Hillis, Newell Dwight. The Quest of John Chapman. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Hobhouse, L. T. Democracy and Reaction. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.
Hodge, William T. Eighteen Miles from Home. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Hoffman, Alice Spencer. Shakspere's Richard II., Shakspere's The Tempest. Retold for children. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Holland, Annie J. Talitha Cumi. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Houllevigue, L. Du Laboratoire à l'Usine. Paris: Armand Colin. 3fr. 50c.
Hunter, Robert. Poverty. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Ingalls, George Arthur. An Outline of Municipal Government in the City of New York. Albany: Matthew Bender. 75 cents.
Kasson, John A. The Evolution of the Constitution of the United States. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Kayser, C. F., and F. Monteser. A Brief German Course. American Book Co.
Kielland, Alexander. Professor Lovdahl. Translated by Rebecca B. Flandrau. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1.25.
Kinnaird, Percy. The Legal Tender Problem. Chicago: Ainsworth & Co.
Laut, A. C. Pathfinders of the West. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Lessing, Dr. O. E. Grillparzer und das Neue Drama. Munich: R. Piper & Co.
Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Levetus, A. S. Imperial Vienna. John Lane. $5 net.
Lewis and Clark Expedition. Original Journals. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. I. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Lights on the Hills. Edited by Charles C. Albertson. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Little Jack Sprat. Pictured by Frank Adams. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents.
Lloyd, John Uri. Scroggins. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Lodge, George Cabot. Cain: A Drama. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Low, Berthe Julienne. French Home Cooking. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Loveman, Robert. Songs from a Georgia Garden. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lover's Rubáiyát, The. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Lucas, Clinton W. A Trolley Honeymoon from Delaware to Maine. M. W. Hazen Co.
Mable, Hamilton W. Backgrounds of Literature. Macmillan Co. New ed.
Macaulay's Essay on Addison. Edited by Charles F. McClumpha. American Book Co.
Manzoni's Sacred Hymns and Napoleonic Ode. Translated by Joel F. Bingham. London: Henry Frowde. $3 net.
Matthewman, Lisle de Vaux. Completed Proverbs. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. 85 cents net.
McCracken, Elizabeth. The Women of America. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Meade, L. T. A Modern Tomboy. Dutton. $1.50.
Meredith, H. O. Protection in France. London: P. S. King & Son.
Metcalf, Maynard M. Organic Evolution. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Mills, Edmund James. The Secret of Petrarch. Dutton. $3 net.
Mitchell, S. Weir. Mr. Kris Kringle. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Modern French Songs. Edited by Philip Hale. 2 vols. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $2.50 per vol.
Moore, Hudson. The Lace Book. F. A. Stokes Co. $5 net.
Moorehead, Warren K. Tonda. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.
Morris, William. The Defence of Guenevere. John Lane.
Mumford, Ethel Watts. The Entirely New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 75 cents net.
Narratives of the Career of Hernando De Soto. Edited by Edward G. Bourne. 2 vols. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net each.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York and the War with Spain. Published under the Direction of the State Historian. Albany: Argus Co.
Nordau, Max. Morganatic. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Outcault, R. F. Buster Brown Abroad. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.
Paine, Albert Bigelow. Thomas Nast: His Period and his Pictures. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Palmer, Frederick. With Kuroki in Manchuria. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Phelps, George Turner. Parsifal: An English Text for the Score. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Platt, Isaac Hull. Walt Whitman. (Beacon Biographies.) Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Prichard, Hesketh and K. The Chronicles of Don Q. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Pfister, Albert. Die Amerikanische Revolution. 2 vols. Stuttgart: Cotta; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Rhodes, James Ford. History of the United States. Vol. V. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Riley, William B. The Perennial Revival. Chicago: Winona Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Sargent, John William. Toasts for the Times in Pictures and Rhymes. Consolidated Retail Booksellers. $1 net.
Shakspere's Midsummer Night's Dream.—As You Like It. Retold by Alice Spencer Hoffman. Dutton. 60 cents net each.
Sparks, Edwin Erle. The Men Who Made the Nation. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Stevenson, Robert Louis, The Wisdom of. Scott-Thaw Co. $1.25 net.
Traubel, Horace. Chants Communal. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Trent, William P. A History of American Literature. Appleton.
Von Fabriczy, Cornelius. Italian Medals. Translated by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton. Dutton. $4 net.

THE DIVINE FIRE

"We venture to count the hero already among the memorable figures in romance, a great character . . . breathlessly interesting . . . It is not what is said or done on one page of this novel, but what is said or done on them all, that lifts this poet into reality. Here is a novel which it is a pleasure to praise."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Henry Holt & Co., NEW YORK.

DAUMIER and GAVARNI
DAUMIER and GAVARNI

The Greatest of French Humorous Draughtsmen

Special Winter Number of the International Studio

With upwards of twenty Photogravures and Color Plates and 100 Black-and-White Reproductions.

With an Essay on Daumier by HENRI FRANTZ and an Essay on Gavarni by OCTAVE UZANNE.

Large 4to. Cloth. $3.00 net.
Wrappers $2.00 net.

JOHN LANE : NEW YORK

SHAKESPEARE
First Folio Edition
Edited by Porter-Clarke. Printed by De Vinne

Volumes now ready: "Midsommer Night's Dreame," "Loves Labours' Lost," "Comedie of Errors," "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar" in December, "Hamlet" in March, other plays to follow. Price in cloth, 50 cents net; limp leather, 75 cents net; postage, 5 cents.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York

Financial.

Investments.

We offer a selected list of HIGH GRADE BONDS and guaranteed STOCKS paying from 3½ to 5%. The securities are on hand for immediate delivery.

Lists and full particulars upon application.

Redmond & Co.,
BANKERS,
507 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA. 41 Wall Street, NEW YORK

LETTERS OF CREDIT

We buy and sell bills of exchange and make Cable transfers of money on Europe, Australia, and South Africa; also make collections and issue Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in all parts of the world.

International Checques, Certificates of Deposit.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
NO. 59 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

THE EPISTLES OF ERASMUS

From his earliest Letters to his Fifty-first Year, arranged in Order of Time. English Translations from his Correspondence, with a Commentary confirming the Chronological arrangement and supplying further Biographical matter. By FRANCIS MORGAN NICHOLS. In 2 volumes. Vol. II. 8vo, $6.00 *net*. By mail, $6.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York

THE APPRECIATION OF SCULPTURE
By RUSSELL STURGIS

Companion volume to "How to Judge Architecture," by the same author, and "Pictorial Composition," by Henry R. Poore.

Each volume, over 80 Illustrations, net $1.50 (Postage, 14 cents.)

Special Edition of THE APPRECIATION OF SCULPTURE, net $3.00. (Postage, 24 cts.)

The third in a series of handbooks, invaluable to those who would master the fundamentals in the understanding and appreciation of art.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
33-37 East 17th Street, New York

PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN

engraved on wood, in the highest style of the art, by G. KRUELL, gold medallist at the St. Louis Exposition (awards also at Paris, Berlin, Chicago and Buffalo): ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1860, 1863), General GRANT, General SHERMAN, General R. E. LEE, THOMAS JEFFERSON, Chief Justice MARSHALL, DANIEL WEBSTER, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, L. VAN BEETHOVEN, JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, CHARLES DARWIN (two plates, 1856, 1872), etc., etc.

All proofs on Japan paper, signed by artist.

Address G. KRUELL, 12 N. Maple Avenue, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN SETS

Balzac, Brontë, Bulwer, Carlyle, Cooper, Dickens, Dumas, De Foe, Eliot, Fielding, Gibbon-Guizot, Hawthorne, Hugo, Irving, Macaulay, Poe, Reade, Ruskin, Scott, Smollett, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Tolstoi.

Send for Descriptive Booklet.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO. New York

F. W. CHRISTERN
(DYRSEN & PFEIFFER, Successors),

16 West 33d St., opposite the "Waldorf," New York. Importers of Foreign Books. Agents for the leading Paris Publishers. Tauchnitz's British authors. Teubner's Greek and Latin Classics. Catalogue of stock mailed on demand. New books received from Paris and Leipzig as soon as issued.

TO AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

Messrs. HENRY SOTHERAN & Co., of 37 Piccadilly, London, will be pleased to send their new catalogue of Interesting Autograph Letters and Original MSS. Post free on application.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

Gluten Grits AND BARLEY CRYSTALS,

Perfect Breakfast and Dessert Health Cereals.
PANSY FLOUR for Biscuit, Cake and Pastry.
Unlike all other Foods. Ask Grocers.
For book of sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY
INTERNATIONAL

Includes in the New Edition
25,000 NEW WORDS, Etc.
New Gazetteer of the World
New Biographical Dictionary
Edited by W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education.
2380 Quarto Pages. 5000 Illustrations.
New Plates. Rich Bindings.

GET THE BEST

Also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with 1116 Pages. 1400 Illustrations. Size: 7x10x2⅝ in.

A Special Thin Paper Edition De Luxe
Printed from the same plates as regular edition. It has limp covers and round corners. Size: 5¾x8⅝x1¼ inches.

FREE, "A Test in Pronunciation," instructive and entertaining. Also illustrated pamphlets.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

"First Appearance in English"

WALTER PIETERSE

A STORY OF HOLLAND
By MULTATULI
(*Eduard Douwes Dekker*)
Translated by
HUBERT EVANS, Ph.D.

"The most original writer in this century."—*Zukunft, Berlin.*
"The Heine of Holland."—*Westminster Review.*
"His style is unique; he excels in pathos, humor and argument."—*Athenæum, London.*

The most popular holiday book of the season

12MO, CLOTH, $1.50.

FRIDERICI & GAREIS
Publishers and Booksellers
6 East 17th Street, New York City

"A Gift, I warrant! Why, this hits right."—(Timon of Athens.)

THE SONGS OF THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST
With six illustrations by
ALBERT DÜRER

16mo, boards. Price 50 cents net.
Red Leather, gilt edges. Price $1.00 net.

SCOTT-THAW CO., 542 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW READY EVERYWHERE — SCRIBNERS

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S New Book, Published November 30

THE NEGRO: The Southerner's Problem

CONTENTS

Slavery and the old Relation between the Southern Whites and Blacks
Some of the Difficulties and Fallacies
Its Present Condition and Aspect, as Shown by Statistics
The Lynching of Negroes—Its Cause and Its Prevention
The Partial Disfranchisement of the Negro
The Old-Time Negro
The Race Question
Of the Solution of the Question

Presenting a Conservative Southerner's Views on the Present Relations of the Two Races in the South; with an Account of the Steps by which these Relations Have Come About.

To the great value and interest of the work in itself much is added by the author's pre-eminence as the sympathetic depicter, the historian, as it were, of the old relation between master and slave, and of the mistakes that have been made since the war; in short, this book presents the matured opinions to-day of the author of "Marse Chan."

12mo, $1.25 net. (Postage 13 cents.)

The Strategy of Great Railroads

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

The *Wall Street Journal* says:

"The volume helps to fill an important blank in the library of railroad literature . . . In his description of the engineering and executive difficulties faced by the various managements the author is particularly happy, and his remarks on such points are of a practical, careful character."

With nine maps, $1.50 net. (Postage 14 cents.)

NEW VOLUME OF "LITERARY LIVES"

John Bunyan

By W. HALE WHITE

Fully illustrated. 12mo, $1.00 net. (Postage, 10 cents.)

CONTENTS.

The Life and "Grace Abounding"
The Preacher
"The Pilgrim's Progress"
The "Holy War"
The "Life and Death of Mr. Badman"
Some Reflections on Bunyan and Puritanism.

"Has really smelled the smoke of battle."—*Boston Advertiser.*

With Kuroki in Manchuria

By FREDERICK PALMER

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"His impetuosity and élan carry all before them. . . . The battle of the Yalu, the first and second attacks on the Motien Pass, and the battles of Tensulten and Liao-Yang are described with a sort of cheery realism that probably unconsciously reflects the spirit of the Japanese troops faithfully. . . . Mr. Palmer is an impressionist. In chapter after chapter the tragic Manchurian orgie lives again; and the reader is hurried along in spite of himself."

With 24 field photographs and maps. $1.50 net. (Postage 14 cents.)

"SURELY A SUBJECT FOR SERIOUS LITERARY DISCUSSION."—*New York Times Saturday Review.*

THE GOLDEN BOWL

By HENRY JAMES

Two Volumes, $2.50.

Referring, in a letter, to his new book, "The Golden Bowl," Mr. James himself says of it:

"It is distinctly, in my view, the most done of my productions, the most composed and constructed and completed, and it proved, during long months, while it got itself step by step endowed with logical life, only too deep and abysmal an artistic trap. By which I don't mean an abyss without a bottom, but a shaft sunk to the real basis of the subject which was a real feat in engineering. I hold the thing the *solidest*, as yet, of my fictions."

THE UNDERCURRENT — By ROBERT GRANT
"The most important American novel of the year."—*Holyoke Transcript.* Illustrated. $1.50.

EMMANUEL BURDEN, MERCHANT — By HILAIRE BELLOC
A novel that made a sensation in England. Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. $1.50.

CHRISTMAS EVE ON LONESOME — By JOHN FOX, JR.
Six of the best short stories ever written by any modern author."—*Newark Advertiser.* Illustrated in colors. $1.50.

DIALSTONE LANE — By W. W. JACOBS
"One of those spontaneously funny stories which only a born humorist could write."—*New York Tribune.* Illustrated, $1.50.

THE LAST HOPE — By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN
"Might be called the author's masterpiece."—*New York Evening Sun.* Illustrated, $1.50.

THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY — By NELSON LLOYD
"Would be difficult to find anywhere in recent fiction a novel that is so vivid and graphic a picture of life."—*Brooklyn Eagle.* Illustrated by A. B. Frost. $1.50.

THE FOOD OF THE GODS — By H. G. WELLS
"A remarkably diverting fancy, to the spell of which it is as easy as it is pleasant to yield."—*New York Tribune.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED